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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHARLES W. UPHAM, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846. DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR.

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For the Register.

SACRED NUMBERS.

Every one knows that there are some few numbers very often employed in the Holy Scriptures. These might be denominated *Scriptural Numbers*. They are, however, more frequently called *Sacred Numbers*. Of these the number seven stands pre-eminent. Noah was allowed seven days, after he had finished the work, to get it in readiness for the flood. Abraham made a present of seven ewe lambs to Abimilech as a witness of the covenant which they had mutually made. There were to be seven years of famine in Egypt, symbolized by seven lean kine and seven thin ears of corn. Balaam directed Balak, on three different occasions, to build seven altars and to offer on them seven bullocks and seven rams. The Israelites were instructed to keep each of their three great national feasts during seven days. Nebuchadnezzar was to graze with oxen while seven times passed over him. The Apostles appointed seven deacons to superintend the ministry to the poor. The Churches in Asia to whom letters are addressed in the Apocalypse were seven in number. The Apocalyptic book had seven seals; there were seven judgment-trumpets. And seven vials of the wrath of God. And all these instances of the use of the number seven in the Bible are not a half, nor a fourth, nor perhaps, even a tithe of the whole.

But what was the origin of this partiality for the number seven? Is there any intrinsic importance in that number? We think not. How then is the fact to be accounted for? We claim not to possess certain knowledge, and can only give our opinion. *Seven is the greatest number of whole days in one quarter of the moon.* Mankind, at first, could reckon time by the sun and in days. In process of time they learned to reckon it by the moon and in months. It must have been a long time before they could reckon it *in years*. It was exceedingly difficult for them to tell exactly or even proximately, when one year ended and the next year began. For many centuries the moon or month was their largest common-measure of time. Hence they reckoned their ages in months or times of the moon, as some savage people do at the present day.

Men, having learned to count, would keep their reckoning of time in days of the month. But the number of days in the month are so many that persons would be apt to forget [illegible] And they could then make no use of an almanac [illegible] for the primary reckoning must always be by the memory. A man cannot tell, by an almanac, what is the day of the month unless he knows what is the present day of the week. As the primary reckoning must be by the memory it became convenient and very desirable to have a shorter term containing a lower number of days than the month. The changes which the moon was the subject of during each revolution furnished data for the division of the month into parts. From the change, to the full, of the moon was half a month. And the greatest number of whole days in a half month was fourteen. Hence the periods of the fortnight, a contraction of the words fourteen nights; but during the forthnight or half-month there was an obvious point for another distinction. The moon quartered in the middle of each fortnight. And the greatest number of whole days in half a fortnight was seven. Seven days constituted one fourth of a month. This was called the week. This term was so short that the mind could be easily kept numerically in the memory. We do not readily conceive the convenience which this distinction afforded in the reckoning of time. The month became divided into weeks and weeks into days. It was infinitely easier to keep, in the mind the day of *the week* than it had been to keep the day of *the month*. This fact would naturally give great importance to the number seven. And it was now conceived that God made the world in seven days, including one day of rest. He thus set an example to men for working six days of the week and resting on the seventh. And this institution of the week, consisting of seven days would tend to increase the importance and sacredness of the number seven. And the more this number was employed, in preference to other numbers, the more natural it became to employ it still more and more. Hence the acts of Abraham's seven ewe lambs; of Pharaoh's seven kine and seven ears of corn; of Jacob's seven years of service for his wife; of Jericho's being encompassed seven times before the walls fell down; of Elisha's stretching himself seven times upon the Shunamite's son before his revival; and of the child's sneezing seven times before he opened his eyes; and of Elijah's servant's going to look from the top of Carmel seven times before he saw the little cloud arise out of the sea.

Such is our account of the origin of the preeminence of the number seven. We do not affirm that it is the correct account. But we have great confidence in it. We only ask that it may be candidly judged.

Next to seven we may place the number twelve. Jacob is said to have had twelve sons; Ishmael also had twelve princes. The nation of Israel consisted of twelve tribes. So, likewise, the nation of the Phenicians in Western Asia and of the Etruscans in Western Italy. Etruria was colonized from Phenicia. Our Saviour appointed twelve Apostles. Moses sent out twelve spies to reconnoiter the land of Palestine. The new Jerusalem in the Revelation had twelve foundations, consisting of twelve precious stones, and the trees on the river of the waters of life bore twelve kinds of fruit and yielded its fruit twelve times in the year. And what, probably, was the origin of the sacredness and importance of this number? We believe it must have been the fact that there are twelve months in the year. It was a great acquisition to ascertain the length of the year. It was, also, the largest and most dignified natural period of time. And as a year consisted of twelve months, so it was thought a nation should consist of twelve tribes. And the paternal founder of a nation must have twelve sons. And if the actual number of sons were less than twelve then grandsons must be adopted and accounted as the immediate descendants of the national patriarch, as Ephraim and Manasseh were adopted by Jacob. 'These sons, said he, to Joseph, are my sons.' And the younger shall be greater than the elder.

It is a fact worthy of notice, in this connection, that the Ishmaelites, the Israelites, the Phenicians and the Etruscans were all a kindred people, of the Arabian genus, and spoke radically the same language. And each of these nations were divided into twelve tribes. The heads of these tribes are called princes, and sometimes monarchs. They were invested with important powers and with great dignity. Especially was this the case in Etruria and Phenicia.

We come now to the number ten. The military and judicial divisions and institutions among the Jews and other nations were made on this principle. Hence there were rulers and captains of tens, of hundreds, of thousands and tens of thousands. These rulers were military officers and judges. Such was the provision made in the law of Moses.

And what was the origin of the special importance of this number? It is, we think, easily accounted for from the circumstance of there being just *ten unit-numbers*. But all other numbers are compound, being obtained by composition and involution.

We next notice four as a sacred number. The river of Eden 'was parted in four heads.' Ezekiel's cherubim were four in number and each of these had four faces. St. John saw four living creatures or archangels around the throne in heaven. This number probably derived its importance from the fact of there being four sides, and four corners, in a square, and four cardinal points of the horizon, East, West, North and South. Hence the phrase, 'the four winds of heaven.'

Forty also is considered a sacred or scriptural number. Moses was twice forty days and forty nights alone without food or drink in the mountain of Sinai. The Israelites wandered forty years in the wilderness. The spies spent forty days in searching out the land of Canaan. Elijah travelled forty days without eating bread or drinking water when he made his journey to 'the mount of God.' Our Savior fasted forty days in the wilderness at the time of his temptation. This number might have been obtained by multiplying two other scriptural numbers, ten and eleven. The original sacred numbers were sometimes multiplied and sometimes divided so that derivative sacred numbers were obtained from them. Seven was sometimes divided into two equal parts. Hence the time and times and a half time; or three years and a half, the half of seven years. This is expressed in months, forty and two months, and sometimes in days, twelve hundred and sixty days. And out of the original week was constructed the Sabbatical week, consisting of seven years. Also the Jubilee week consisting of forty nine years. The seventy weeks in Daniel are probably Sabbatical weeks and of course amount to four hundred and ninety years.

We proceed to mention thirty as another sacred number. Joseph was thirty years old when he was made Governor of Egypt. David, also, was thirty years old when he was anointed King over Judah. The Israelites observed thirty days of public mourning on the occasion of Moses' death. Jair, one of the judges of Israel, had thirty sons who rode on thirty asscolts; probably wild asses, a species much superior to the common. This number is easily transferred from the number of days in a month.

Another sacred number is three. Pharaoh's butler, in his dream, saw a vine which had three branches and which denoted three days. The baker saw three white baskets, which as Joseph interpreted, also signified three days. Jonah was three days in the belly of the fish. Our Savior lay in the tomb three days. Saul of Tarsus at the time of his conversion was three days without sight and without food, in the house of Judas of Damascus. The origin of the special importance of this number is not apparent. Possibly it might have been derived from the three angles of the triangle.

S. F.

For the Register.

LETTERS TO A POLE ON RELIGION IN AMERICA, NO. XVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You see that I can sympathise with Dr. ****** in his remark, 'I can conceive of a Protestant-bred man's turning Papist, but I cannot conceive of his turning Episcopalian.' For every argument that goes to support the authority of Bishops, is founded on that doctrine of passive obedience, which arises from viewing—in the symbol of Christian doctrine—the death of Christ exclusive of his Resurrection; and if the Church itself is to do the substance of that mediatorial action which brings together the want and supply that God has ordained the life of every Christian to be, —it must be nothing short of the Romish Church.

Founded on the death of Christ, viewed exclusive of the Resurrection,—if the Romish Church does not make the idea of the Resurrection an element of the *religious life*, so called, yet there are beautiful forms of charity and works of art, which have come forth from it, in spite of this defect of its theory. I do not gainsay the articles in the Edinburgh Review upon the Portroyalists, and upon Ignatius de Loyala and the Early Jesuits. More than that I have myself attended the Roman Catholic Church, when the Priests have been 'in retreat' and listened to 'the spiritual exercises' of the great Ignatius. It was a terribly cold winter's morning that I went, with a recent convert, though I was not aware of it, and was startled to see her bend the knee, and cross herself as she entered. The Church was one quarter full of Priests, who had been sitting there, since 1 o'clock of that dismal morning; and it was the eighth day of 'retreat.' Every quarter of an hour, an unseen reader broke the profound silence, with one of those terrible sentences of 'the exercises,' in which the hearer is called upon to realise some point of the bodily agony of the crucifixion, and to find in it the symbol of some sin of his own, piercing the ineffable sensibility of the living Savior! I assure you, after sitting there an hour, and yielding my imagination up to the effect of these exercises, as I did wilfully, in order to measure it in my own heart, I felt more than ever, that the Catholic Church was strong, by all woman's sensibility to human anguish, and all human liability to self-torture through conscience. The missionary labors of the early Jesuits, and their martyrdoms, were no longer unaccountable or very wonderful to me.

But that yoke was not easy, nor that burden light. I saw that it was only as the Church of Rome relaxed its principle, and granted indulgences for charity, and asthetic activity, could 'the life that now is' be glorified within its pale.

You see that I am indeed 'a terrible Protestant' for I do not find the generating evil of the Romish Church in its abuses, but in its very principle. I do not judge of it by the elegant sceptic Leo X., nor by Alexander VI., reeking with every crime of the voluptuary and the assassin, nor by the sordid knave Tetzel. I pass by all the vices it has covered with indulgences, the abuses it has protected with dispensations, and the political liberty it has violated and is violating. I say nothing of the formalities and hypocrisy it has allowed to be substituted for life and truth, from the days of Clovis down to Louis XIV., (to look into France alone.) I admit that all visible Churches have had men within their precints who disgraced their profession, and I believe all Churches made up of imperfect men, have, at times, acted against the religion they were constituted to preach. No—I go to the Roman Catholic saint, and analysing him, I ask, has this man reached, or is he attaining to the mark of the high calling of God in Christ? Is he the representative of the risen and ascending Jesus, to whom sin and death were no more forever, and who yet communed with the brethren, eating bread with them—for their sakes not his own—till their eyes were opened to learn of him all that the prophets taught concerning himself? Is the bleeding self-tortured Anchorite *this?* No!—the highest word—even of Fenelon—was self-crucifixion, and his last act unconditional submission of will to a decree contradicting the conclusions of his own sanctified mind. But mark me: I would not be suspected of the petulance or littleness of looking down upon the saints of the Catholic Church. I admit that they understand one part of Christianity, which Protestants, and especially liberal Protestants are too apt to overlook:—*the dying to our own ideal.* Self crucifixion is a high word, though I maintain that Resurrection-by-God's-power is a higher one. The worldling has not a dream of so much spiritual life, such an elevation of intellect, such a purity of love, as is necessary in order to be a Christian like Fenelon, and millions of unnamed Roman Catholics, whom we shall doubtless greet in the purer light of the communion of the just hereafter. But I maintain that the Roman Catholic Church has never dreamed, nor is it possible for it to conceive, of a *life of man* according to the Ideal of God. It knows not 'Christ risen,' for all its Easter Festival! It sees, in that stupendous event, only the continuance of individual existence after the physical fact of death. The Romish Church is only—but it is indeed—the Chef d'œuvre of human art; an idol worthy to rival the visible universe! As the latter says, 'Come, oh man! I will show you, in all my breathing forms, endlessly various, what life is,'—the Roman Catholic Church replies, 'Hold, oh son of dust! and let me show you what death is!' And so much life has she drawn into herself, in order to make death magnificent, that she has conquered the Life of Nature, and only the Life of the Resurrection can cope with her. On the field of time, even this has not yet conquered her; nor will it, till the Churches, called to make it visible, set themselves to do simply what Christ commanded—preach, baptize, and show forth the death and resurrection of Christ, spurning all earthly support, and looking alone to him who is invisible.

The question then is, are the Protestant Churches—the Church of the Resurrection? They profess to be so. They universally profess to allow every man a personal relation to Christ, independent of any priest. The profession is good, but what does it amount to, in the Episcopal Church of England? I do not wonder that Puseyism carries its thousands back to the old Catholic mother. If the organization of the Roman Catholic Church is false, and its principle shuts up the soul at a certain point of its spiritual development, it is at least *self-consistent*. But the Episcopal Church, with its Catholic hierarchy, its Arminian clergy, and its Calvinistic liturgy and articles, indubitably has contained from the first, notwithstanding its theory of uniformity, three parties. The day of its doom seems to have come at last; Puseyism is one sign of it. Archbishop Whately's 'Kingdom of Christ,' justifying the theory of dissent by reason and Scripture, is a no less indubitable one. Moreover, there is growing up and consolidating, within the British Islands, a *self-respecting state* which takes leave to be, without consulting the Church; and unless a Church organization—without obtruding upon it, stands up before it—equally independent—alas for Christianity in England.

But if the truth which is acknowledged by 'the Articles' of the English Church, makes that organization an anomaly, let me not be undersood to be insensible to the fact, that it has enabled individuals of its communion to rise in Christ to a much wiser practical doctrine. Never in vain for some men, is the sight of truth. Among the members of the English Episcopal Church are some of the noblest specimens of human intellect. Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Butler, George Herbert, and a multitude of other names, suggest to the mind not chiefly the dying Christ, neither perhaps quite the glorified; but at least the rational Jesus as he lived on earth. These men held that there is to be a full blooded life on earth, lived by the Christian man. Thus, if the Episcopal Church does not give so much scope to the devotional element in man, does not bring Christ's death so home to the sensibility, in all ways, and by all means, as the Roman Catholic does, and therefore is not so complete and imposing to the imagination, it does leave the development of the common sense freer, and favors intellection more. Let us give it all honor for so much of the humility which exalts. The progress from a narrow truth into a higher truth, produces a temporary disproportion. Let us be generous in judgment of one another. If the English Episcopal Church, in exchanging the Pope of Rome for the King of England as its head, was far from making a good hit, yet that step was of use, by raising the question whether the Church of Christ admits of any head, save Himself, as he it concerned by the individual Christian. The Presbyterian Church went farther and eliminated the graduated hierarchy. But it could not quite get rid of the idea of taking care of Christ and his cause. Hence the Presbytery. But I must speak of this, and of Independancy, both developed in the same era, another time.

E. P. P.

P. S. In the course of this letter I have alluded to Puseyism, and to Arebbishop Whately's 'Kingdom of Christ,' as two very diverse forms of the doctrines of the English Episcopal Church. There is another work which undertakes to explain it, Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ.' His explanation is the work of a thoughtful mind, and though not satisfactory to me, yet I am sure it has much truth in single paragraphs and sentences. About a third of the volume, which is criticism on other sects, is very superior, and worthy every body's perusal and study,—and written in a spirit so truly elevated above all sectarian narrowness, that it is a *model* of theological and religious discussion. He seems never to have considered the Baptists.

For the Register.

OREGON.

Shall we have war about Oregon? is the anxious political inquiry. Reputed wise men and grave statesmen shake their heads in ominous solemnity, and express their belief that it is unavoidable. Our government and that of Britain have each taken an extreme and opposite stand, and conciliatory negotiation is exhausted. Hungry office-holders and office-seekers are desirous of filling their pockets with the war expenditures of the people, and ready adventurers of the West are waiting the signal to rush to the excitement, and grasp the spoils of the combat. Is this possible? Has the religion, the morality, the patriotism of our land so died out that war for such a cause, and by such instruments, is seriously to be feared?

If we are to augur for the future from the history of the past, it must be confessed there is cause for alarm, though, I trust, not for despair. The downward course of our nation into degradation has been far from encouraging. Emerging from the struggle of the Revolution, our Union threw out its broad banner before the eyes of the nations, inscribed with liberty and peace, justice and equal rights. The admiration and envy of the world were excited by the aspect of a new born nation founded on unprecedented principles of heavenly origin. Soon a dark cloud was observed in our midst, which extended itself till it has covered half the area of our land. The people of Europe paused, gave up their idea of revolutionary imitation, returned to reluctant acquiescence in despotism, when unembittered with the influence of slavery.

Again were they appalled at the aspect of the violence of mobs, unchecked by legal power and triumphant in impunity, and grave philanthropists debated the question whether the tyranny of an excited multitude was not as great as that of a selfish monarch; and whether popular liberty was indeed compatible with individual safety.

Next was seen that wild spirit of unrestrained commerce which terminates in dishonesty. 'Repudiation' of public debts, though adopted only in a part of our Union, has thrown its obloquy over the whole. Uninformed men cannot readily separate their moral judgment of fraudulent communities from that of those with whom they are confederated, looseness of principle seems to them to grow from looseness of restraint; and in retrogression of moral sentiment, they fall back on the untrue and unhappy connection between commercial integrity and political coercion.

Yet another downward step is taken, and is indeed a tremendous stride towards entire depravity. The cupidity of mercenary States is far outstripped by national rapacity. Not only is the half-civilised Indian driven from his father's grave back into original barbarism; not only are indigenous tribes hunted from glade and swamp and forests, that their place may be taken by the lordly white and his oppressed slave; not only is an unmeasured province first stealthily settled, and then torn from its parent root, to be added to our enormous domain, regardless of national rights, but regions beyond remote wildernesses and towering mountains are to be grasped by an ambition which has no limits but the ocean shores. The nations of the earth see with alarm a modern republic professing moderation, peace and justice, rising like another Rome to clasp them all in its iron embrace of resistless power, and its reckless statesmen exulting in the anticipation.

That our confederacy, if continued in union, will be great and powerful, is now beyond a doubt; that it would be so, in good time, by the innocent and natural progress of events can be equally foreseen. Why then, when prosperity is certain by destiny, shall we attempt to accelerate it by crime? Let it be that Texas and California are to be added by peaceful purchase to our swelling empire; let it be that Oregon can be secured in whole or in part by diplomatic negotiation, these pernicious augmentations of our dominions may be acquiesced in as a providential dispensation; but let the sword be drawn in maintenance of our disputed right to this Western wilderness, and thousands of lives and thousands of comforts be sacrificed to the obstinacy of the rulers or the false glory of the commander, and the measure of our national iniquity is full; the zenith splendor of our moral sun falling through the clouds of oppression, anarchy, fraud and ambition, shall set in blood; the righteous retribution of divine justice may divide and depress us forever.

It may now be the crisis of this fearful question, of the character and condition of our nation for ages—and it may now rest with the moral, religious, pacific portion of our citizens to turn the scale. If their warning voice is raised in fearless power it may yet cause our rulers and people to pause, and the threatened catastrophe may be averted. But this must be done with speed and strength. Let the pulpit speak and re-echo the pacific injunctions of the Redeemer; let the forum speak and show forth the injustice of our course; let agriculture and art and commerce speak and exhibit the terrific prospect of their expected desolation; let humanity in every department plead for human life and human blessings, and the hearts of politicians, not yet indurated, but merely incrusted with delusion, may be opened to the appeal, and yield to the united desire for peace, and safety and honor.

J. P. B.

LITERATURE AND PHYSICIANS.

The Congregational Journal of Dec. 10th, has the following editorial article, under the above title. By an error of the press, such as are sometimes unavoidable in a newspaper establishment, the name of 'Sir Thomas Moore' is printed in the Congregational Journal instead of 'Sir Thomas Browne.' We have corrected the article in this particular, and in copying it, would suggest to the editor of the Journal that a passage quoted by him from our paper, and imputed to us, was on its face, a communication from a correspondent, and its doctrine was controverted at the time by another correspondent:

'An inconsiderable portion of the books of any age or country, modern Germany excepted, is the product of men devoted to letters. Colleges and universities, with all their libraries, endowments and leisure, have not, individually, furnished a work in a century which will live as long as its author. Books of real value, having stamps of spirit, originality of thought, and utility of adaptation and design, are the productions of men moving in the busy world, understanding its wants, allied to its interests, participating in its movements, and kept wakeful by a healthy activity. The bar, a noble profession when rightly understood, and demanding the largest knowledge and ability, has made generous contributions to the stock of every national literature; the pulpit has furnished even more than its proportion of supply, while the profession of medicine, if it has not done as much as the others, has done more than it has received credit for doing, and more than could be expected from its incessant application and harrassing anxieties.

'Without enumerating those who have distinguished themselves in their profession as profound in science or skilful in their art, let us call up the names of some out of many who have left literary works of high character and permanent value. Before the reign of Queen Anne, Sir Thomas Browne was the only physician who sent out any works of literary pretensions. His 'Religio Medici,' or Religion of a Physician, is one of the standard works in the English language, animated by a stately philosophical tone, eloquent in language, ennobling in its views of human destiny, and pervaded with the spirit of evangelical piety. His work has been called 'a Confession of Faith, a Compend of Devotion, and a Hymn of Thanksgiving.' He would have been another Jeremy Taylor, had Providence put him in the pulpit. After Sir Thomas Browne came Arbuthnot, distinguished for humor and learned satire, and whose principal work is said to have been copied by our countryman, Paulding; and Sir Samuel Garth and Sir William Blackmore, both poets of celebrity in the age of Queen Anne, and whose characteristics, genius, and works, may be learnt from Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

'The reigns of the second and third Georges abound in literary physicians, among whom were Armstrong, Akenside, Goldsmith, Darwin, Moore, Walcott, Currie, and Smollett.—Armstrong wrote the 'Art of Health' in elegant verse, administering pills in poetry; Akenside was the author of the 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' a philosophic poem of high character, which most are content to praise without reading; Goldsmith wrote both poetry and prose with equal facility, which will be read by all, and read forever, and make those the wiser and happier who read it. Smollet was a poet, a novelist, and a historian, and succeeded in each character. Besides other works, Darwin wrote the Botanic Garden, a continued treatise on the Linnnean system of botany, couched under the form of an allegory. Walcott wrote pieces of satire, for which physicians are said to be endowed with admirable parts. Dr. John Moore was the friend of Robert Burns, and the author of two works of fiction, which Burns was wont to pronounce superior to anything written by Sterne and Addison; he was the father of Sir John Moore, who fell in the Peninsular war, and has been immortalised by the verses of Wolff. Currie was a man of varied scholarship and fine taste, and wrote what is regarded as the best life of Robert Burns. Three distinguished poets of the present century, Crabbe, Shelly, and Keats, were educated for the medical profession, though they never entered it.—Dr. Abercrombie of Scotland, has just terminated his earthly career, a physician, a philosopher, and a Christian, combined; and in each character eminent, as the popular works he has left amply testify.

'In our own country the names of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, author of the celebrated Essays on Diseases of the Mind, and various miscellaneous works, Dr. Ramsey of South Carolina, author of the History of the American Revolution, and Dr. Daniel Drake of Cincinnati, who has given the public various works of value of a literary and scientific character, will readily be recalled. The late Dr. Daniel Oliver divided the Herculean labor of preparing a Greek Lexicon with English definitions, with John Pickering, the first work of the kind ever attempted; and though he published nothing but his standard work on Physiology and a few occasional addresses and lectures, his extensive acquisitions, his accurate knowledge, his elegant taste, and his philosophical spirit, qualified him above most men of our country to add works of classic value to its literature. Of the living, we might mention the names of Dr. O. W. Holmes of Boston, the poet of pleasant wit and harmless satire, and Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, who was educated in medicine if not for medicine, before he became the first divine and philosopher of all at the head of American colleges.

'Others, no doubt, can make large additions to this list of medical worthies and scholars; but we have given names enough to show the profession has borne an honorable part in furnishing the means for intellectual and moral culture, which will be increased with the higher demands of medical education and the greater leisure which will be afforded by the increase of the profession and consequent subdivision of labor. It will be observed that some of the names we have given, and more we might give, are among the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church.'

HENRY. C. WRIGHT.

The letters written by Mr. Wright, descriptive of his journeyings and observations in Europe, which appear in the Liberator, contain many lively passages.

'*5 o'clock, Sunday morn.* Steamer, Stadt, Strasburg, in the river *Ill*, bound for Cologne, down the Rhine. Lying at the wharf in the town. The guns of one of the numerous batteries around us are firing the morning salute—and their thunder bellows all over the region, starting the dreaming sleepers. All around us are arsenals, bastions, cannon, balls—soldiers hurrying to and fro, drums and fifes and bugles, beating and playing the morning salute, to call the soldiers to quarters, and to parade. For the *professed* ministers of the Prince of Peace have no notion of stopping the worshipping of arms, the military parade, and the deadly conflict, even on their *holy* day. They will exclaim against my travelling in a *steamboat* down the Rhine on it—but, these sounds and signs of carnage and blood are delights to their ears and eyes—*holy* day or *no* holy day. People and baggage, lap-dogs, bloodhounds and grayhounds, horses and carriages, coming on board; children crying, laughing and jumping; dogs barking, horses tramping, men calling, porters running to and fro, cannon roaring, fifes, drums and bugles playing, cathedral bell pealing its call to mass and *religious* devotion, a burst of small fire-arms, the shouts of officers to their men, all combine to make noise enough on this *holy* morn. But to my ears it sounds as pleasant this morn as it did yesterday morn. The murderous roar of these guns, the rough swagger of these military officers, the clatter of those arms, the barking and baying of these bloodhounds, and yelping of these lap-dogs, I could dispense with at all times.

But this is, truly, a precious bustle! There, all are on board—we put off from the wharf—we pass under the bridge—so adieu to Strasburg, with her proud tower. A woman stands by me, down whose cheeks tears are flowing. She is looking toward the wharf, where stand three little children, with hands stretched towards her. She is saying to herself, amid sobbing and tears, '*Mein leiblings,—mein leiblings.*' ('My darlings,—my darlings.') Noble being! she has long been the German nurse and teacher of those children in their travels. They are English. Now she leaves them for her own house on the Oder, so I learn. Now we are passing through the environs of Strasburg. They would be beautiful—lovely—but for the murderous bastions and soldiers and cannon, in every direction. The gardens and promenades are rich. The beautiful spire of the cathedral and the towers rise up over the town in great majesty, making the whole town beneath look insignificant. Flags are flying from the four corners of the tower. The steamer is a contemptible affair, compared to North River steamers. Low, long, narrow; yet the only one that can float here in this ditch, canal, river, or whatsoever it is. It is called the Ill, but is more like a canal. True enough, here we are, fast locked into a *lock;* and the water is rushing out, and we are sinking, sinking down to the water level below. We are long in getting through. Now we have another parting. Several other friends part. Tears, which affection seeks to hide, and sobs, which pity strives to suppress, are plentiful. Several are crowded around one another on the lock, and our captain (kind-hearted man) is waiting patiently for them to give the last word and last look. Now we go. It is very, very painful, this parting. I love this gentle trait of humanity. How can our theological *dreamers* make it out that men are more prone to *hate* than to love one another? —to be unkind than kind?—Alas, for this *theological* propensity to evil rather than good—to hatred and revenge, rather than to love and forgiveness! I am doubting it must all go overboard. *Facts* will carry the day against *theology*. Fact against abstraction—substance against shadow—reality against non-entity. Now we go. It is just fifteen minutes to six o'clock.

While at Glasgow he attended a meeting of the 'Christian Union,' and he gives his impressions, as follows.—

Glasgow, Oct. 29, 1845. Last evening, attended a great meeting in this city, to hear the report of the delegates to the recent Conference in Liverpool, on Christian Union. It seems that was but a *preliminary* step, and it issued a basis of union, and appointed a Committee to call a great World's Convention, to form an Institution to be called, 'The Evangelical Alliance.' One of the articles of union is '*the divine appointment* of the Priesthood.' The clergy look well to their own craft in the outset. Dr. Candlish was the principal speaker last evening, in explaining the terms of the 'Evangelical Alliance,' and he gave out the following sneer at woman: 'We mean to form an alliance—a *manly* alliance—an alliance of men, who can bear and forbear—not of children and dotards—nor of children and women.' True, it is to be an alliance of cunning, crafty men, who are priests, consecrated to cant and hypocrisy—to the support of sectarianism and inhumanity. The great object of this 'Holy Alliance,' as Dr. Candlish said, 'was to oppose all Unitarianism, all forms of Infidelity, and all forms of Popery'—and he is the infidel who does not believe 'that men are *totally depraved*, by reason of Adam's transgression. This 'Holy Alliance' is purely to sustain the sinking power of the church organizations and the priesthood.

THE CHOICE OF A FIELD OF LABOR.

Few questions presenting themselves to the mind of a young man engaged in the process of education, are more perplexing than that which concerns the choice of a profession. Its importance forbids rashness in its decision; and the various inquiries to which it gives rise, into qualifications, prospects and probable influence and success, furnish room for much deliberation and anxiety. Through this course of deliberation, the *theological* student is supposed to have passed. He has chosen his profession. After close and impartial examination of his natural powers, after accurate study of the indications of Providence, with prayer to be led aright, and willingness to walk in the way that God prefers, he has resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Some, indeed, make choice of this profession without such careful deliberation; some from inconsiderate zeal; some, occasionally, from blameworthy motives. Yet, such is the course, that every truly Christian student may be supposed to have taken; and having thus decided, he begins to prepare for action.

But during this preparation, another important question arises. As the time draws near when he must gird on for active service the armor he has been fitting, and take his post in the great army of his Master, he anxiously inquires *what that post shall be.* He desires to know where he shall stand to proclaim the message of redemption, and do battle with the adversary of holiness. And this is the subject now before us: *What shall direct us in the choice of our field of labor?*

All are ready to say, that they desire to occupy that position which God chooses for them. So should it be. We are his pledged servants. Our oath of allegiance binds us to go where, and do what, He directs. Could we receive the command immediately and explicitly from Him, there would be no room for hesitation, no waiting to confer with flesh and blood. But God does not thus talk with man. Doubtless, He will by the influences of the Holy Spirit guide those who humbly and sincerely seek his guidance. The hearty prayer of him who asketh wisdom never ascends in vain to the Father of lights. Unconsciously, it may be, to ourselves, the Spirit will be with our minds to move them in the right way; and though clouds and darkness may be around his path, and he may move onward with doubt and trembling, the steps of the *good* man *are* ordered by the Lord. But while we may thus rely upon aid from heaven, and must make God our chief counsellor, and go often, and humbly, and with faith, to Him for guidance, we are left in a great measure to discover our duty by a consideration of our own powers, amid the relative claims of different portions of the great field.—[Lutheran Observer.

AN ADMIRABLE IMITATION.

We are pleased to oblige a friend by copying the following. Most of our readers perhaps have seen it before, but all will be glad to see it again. It was written, and published in one of the papers of Essex County a few years ago, on the occasion of taking down an old church in Danvers. So skilfully and exquisitely is its manner assimilated to that of the 'olden time' of New England, that it was read extensively without being detected, although there are several violent anachronisms in it. Mr. Hubbard, the historian, had died before its date, while Dr. Appleton of Cambridge, who very properly is made to preach the sermon, as in a somewhat later period he was for a great length of time called upon and expected to perform such services all over New England, (having preached more occasional sermons than any other man before or since,) took his first degree at College the year before, and had not then, it is probable, begun to preach. This exquisite effusion of wit, humor, and satire was understood, at the time, to be from the pen of Fitch Poole Esq. of Danvers, who has entertained the public by other similar ingenious productions, and is now the Editor of the Danvers Courier.

OLDEN TIME.

(IN THE MANUSCRIPT, *Ye* IS WRITTEN for *The.*)

Mr. Editor,—The following letter, written *one hundred and twenty seven years ago*, by a member of the Ordaining Council, at the settlement of the first pastor over the Old South Society in Danvers, Mass., cannot fail to interest your readers; and happily illustrates the strictness and conscientiousness of the Puritan clergy of New England.

"SALEM, 25th. Sept. 1713.

"*How'd and Dear Friend,*—Through ye goodness of Providence we arrived in this place after dark, Tuesday night, and are now staying with your Brother Thomas at ye Precinct. The reason we got there so late, was because we were detained a long time at ye ferry, as ye boat was on ye Charlestown side, and ye roads were very bad, and ye streams very high on account of ye great rains. Mr. Appleton, of Cambridge, did not get here till Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, his horse being weary, so he tarried all night at Reading. Your Brother Thomas says, ye place is grown very much since you lived here, and that ye church has got 40 members, who came off from Mr. Noyes's church in Salemtown, 13 men and 27 women; and ye town has granted ye Precinct 5 acres of land, and ye Province £5 a year for 5 years, for the support of the gospel in ye Precinct. Ye Church have made choice of Rev. Mr. Benj. Prescott for their Pastor, and voted him £60 a year, and 15 cords of wood, for his salary when single, and £75, when he shall be married. Mr. Prescott is ye oldest son of Esquire Jona. Prescott, of Concord, and is a promising young man, about 25 years old, and bethrothed to Elizabeth Paulding; and Sir Samuel Garth and Sir William Blackmore, both poets of celebrity in the age of Queen Anne, and whose characteristics, genius, and works, may be learnt from Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

The reigns of the second and third Georges abound in literary physicians, among whom were Armstrong, Akenside, Goldsmith, Darwin, Moore, Walcott, Currie, and Smollett.—Armstrong wrote the 'Art of Health' in elegant verse, administering pills in poetry; Akenside was the author of the 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' a philosophic poem of high character, which most are content to praise without reading; Goldsmith wrote both poetry and prose with equal facility, which will be read by all, and read forever, and make those the wiser and happier who read it. Smollet was a poet, a novelist, and a historian, and succeeded in each character. Besides other works, Darwin wrote the Botanic Garden, a continued treatise on the Linnnean system of botany, couched under the form of an allegory. Walcott wrote pieces of satire, for which physicians are said to be endowed with admirable parts. Dr. John Moore was the friend of Robert Burns, and the author of two works of fiction, which Burns was wont to pronounce superior to anything written by Sterne and Addison; he was the father of Sir John Moore, who fell in the Peninsular war, and has been immortalised by the verses of Wolff. Currie was a man of varied scholarship and fine taste, and wrote what is regarded as the best life of Robert Burns. Three distinguished poets of the present century, Crabbe, Shelly, and Keats, were educated for the medical profession, though they never entered it.—Dr. Abercrombie of Scotland, has just terminated his earthly career, a physician, a philosopher, and a Christian, combined; and in each character eminent, as the popular works he has left amply testify.

'In our own country the names of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, author of the celebrated Essays on Diseases of the Mind, and various miscellaneous works, Dr. Ramsey of South Carolina, author of the History of the American Revolution, and Dr. Daniel Drake of Cincinnati, who has given the public various works of value of a literary and scientific character, will readily be recalled. The late Dr. Daniel Oliver divided the Herculean labor of preparing a Greek Lexicon with English definitions, with John Pickering, the first work of the kind ever attempted; and though he published nothing but his standard work on Physiology and a few occasional addresses and lectures, his extensive acquisitions, his accurate knowledge, his elegant taste, and his philosophical spirit, qualified him above most men of our country to add works of classic value to its literature. Of the living, we might mention the names of Dr. O. W. Holmes of Boston, the poet of pleasant wit and harmless satire, and Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, who was educated in medicine if not for medi-

Ye Governor was in ye house, and Her Majesty's Commissioners of ye Customs, and they sat together on a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appeared very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy, and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists, but is a strong opposer of ye Papists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, red waistcoat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings. There was a disturbance in ye gallery, where it was filled with divers Negroes, Mulattoes, and Indians; and a Negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and placed in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great awfulness and solemnity. He was then put in ye Deacon's seat, between two Deacons, in view of ye whole congregation; but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortions of countenance, giving great scandal to ye grave deacons, and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs. Some children and a Mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter.

When ye services at ye house were ended, ye Council and other dignitaries, were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on the hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with Bear's meat and Venison; the last of which was from a fine Buck, and shot in the woods near by—ye Bear was killed in Lynn woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Gerrish, of Wenham, word came that ye Buck was shot on ye Lord's day, by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Ananias of old. Ye Council thereupon refused to eat ye Venison, but it was afterwards agreed that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one, for lying and prophaning ye Lord's day, restore

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Mr. Epes ye cost of ye Deer; and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful Heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye Council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepherd, whose conscience was tender on ye point of Venison.

Ye people here are much rejoiced to have Gospel ordinances established among them; and the house is well built, 3 stories high, 28 by 42 feet, with good oak timber, and covered with 1 1-2 inch planks, and with clap boards upon that; and it is intended to have ye inside finished with plastering, when ye Precint are able. Ye Pulpit and ye Deacon's seat are made of good oak; and a green cushion on ye pulpit was given by Mr. Higginson. I had ye above particulars from Mr. Trask, ye head builder of ye house, who is a man of substance and considerable acquirements. He also told me that he prepared a box to put under ye foundation, containing ye year of our Lord that ye building was begun, and various particulars about ye forming of ye Precinct Church. He also put in ye Copper Coynes of ye Reign of our blessed Sovereign Queen Ann, and an epistle to ye Sovereign who shall reign over these Provinces, when ye box shall be found, and another to ye Household of Faith in ye Salem Middle Precinct, exhorting them to maintain ye doctrines of ye Founders, to ye utter confusion and shame of all *Papist Mass Mongers*, and other heretical misbelievers. Mr. Trask, who is himself a Goodly man, and a member of ye church, would not agree to put ye box under ye house, as they thought it savored of presumption and vain glorying; and some of them would not agree to ye sentiments of ye letter to ye Household of Faith, but he privily put ye box under ye pulpit, when ye house was near built, enclosed in bricks with good clay mortar, without ye knowledge of ye church. Mr. Trask thinks ye frame of ye house will stand two or three hundred years, if it is well covered from ye weather.

There have been great rejoicings with us in Boston, on account of ye glorious news of Peace; and may ye Lord long continue ye blessing, and avert ye judgements we deserve.

LAWRENCE CONANT."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 3, 1846.

NEW CHURCH IN SALEM.

The East Society in Salem, under the pastoral care of Rev. James Flint, D. D., have erected a new House of Worship, which was dedicated to the service of the Father, in the name and faith of his Son, our Savior, on Thursday of this week, (Jan. 1, 1846.] On the preceding Lord's day, Dr. Flint delivered two occasional discourses, tracing the history of the Society, and illustrating the character of the people and their pastors. The East Society is one of the numerous offspring of the First Church in Salem. It was formed and its meeting house erected in 1718. Worship was conducted for the last time, in that house, on Sunday, Dec. 28th, 1845. On the interesting occasion Dr. Flint did justice to the feelings and associations connected with that ancient and venerable structure. He pourtrayed in striking delineation the characters of the ministers who had succeeded each other in its pastoral charge, and was particularly successful and eloquent in his sketch of his immediate predecessor, the learned, benevolent and enlightened Bentley. The house was thronged with an attentive and delighted audience; and in a few days another of the few remaining specimens of our ancient New England meeting houses will be taken down and removed from the scene.

The new Church, of which a minute description will be found below, prepared by a gentleman of the congregation, is one of the most beautiful and elegant buildings of the sort in the whole country. It is the product of such a high degree of skill, taste and judgment that we think it will be likely to be regarded as a model or pattern for such structures. Its entire cost, including that of the site, one of the most commanding and eligible points of the beautiful common of Salem, will be considerably less than $30,000. The building committee have shown great wisdom and taste in the discharge of their duty, and by proving the practicability of securing a very high degree of beauty, elegance, and architectural impressiveness, within a moderate expenditure, they have done good service to other Societies, as well as to their own. Under the circumstances of the case, our readers generally, we doubt not, will be interested to learn the particulars, of the construction of this Church, as they are given by our correspondent. We would mention that there are one hundred pews, or 'open benches' as they are described, by way of distinction from the ordinary closed *pews*, on the floor of the Church.

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For the Register.

This Church is far superior in its architectural appearance to any edifice of a similar nature in the city.

Its neat and chaste style, makes it both ornamental and pleasing as a public building, and adds to the already well established reputation of Mr. Lefevre as an ecclesiastical Architect.

Its front is built of a dark colored stone, in the Gothic style, and is a well proportioned specimen of that peculiar architecture.

On each side of the principal entrance a pentagonal Turret springing from a plinth of successive projections, and pierced with lights, is carried to a considerable height above the main building and is terminated at its top by battlements. Each Turret is divided into four stages or stories. The lower of these stages contains two narrow windows, without mullions, ending pointedly, and surmounted by a moulding, which runs round the Turret, and is on two of its surfaces carried up into a gablet. Above this moulding the first stage ends with a battlemented capping. The second stage, slightly receding from the first, is devoid of any ornament, with the exception of a shield-like panel, in relief, on each face and is terminated by a plain horizontal moulding. In the third stage are windows similar to those in the first and a pediment moulding.

At each angle of the front, a bold projecting buttress, with plain surface, rises diagonally to a few feet above the roof and terminates in a manner similar to the Turrets, with battlements. These buttresses are divided by projecting sets off into separate stages.

Between the two Turrets is the main door way, with deeply receded sides, adorned with mouldings.

The door itself is ornamented with sunk panel works. A hood moulding, or drip-stone, surmounts the door way; between which and the horizontal battlements that are carried across the space lying between the Turrets, are two panels projected in bold relief.

Above this battlement and directly over the large door is a pointed window of great beauty. It is of the perpendicular and florid Gothic and divided by upright mullions into several bays, with trefoiled endings. A hood moulding surmounts it.

In the space between the Turrets and the Buttresses at the corners are door ways with windows over them. Both these doors and windows are of a smaller size but in all other respects similar to the central one.

A series of battlements is carried across the entire front of the building, at the edge of the roof, above the cornice.

Each of the three doors leads directly into the vestibule, which is plainly finished, and extends the whole width of the front. From the vestibule a stairway in the Turrets leads to the organ loft. There are three doors, ornamented with trefoiled headed sunk panels, leading directly from the vestibule into the body of the Church.

The interior of the Church consists of a nave, divided into equal parts; by a broad avenue through its centre, and side aisles separated from the nave by a series of pillars.

These pillars are composed of four columns, banded together by a moulding that surrounds them. They spring from a slightly projecting base or plinth and terminate with capitals of plain mouldings.

Above the pillars and rising directly from these capitals, with no entablature intervening, are acute pointed Arches, with soffits of thick mouldings. Surmounting these arches, is the clere-story, pierced with small quatrefoil lights; filled with green tinted panels of glass of a square lozenge shape.

The ceiling of the side aisles is flat, and divided into bays, by obtuse arches, springing from bold corbels. These arches, have plain soffits, but their surfaces are adorned by sunk pannelling. In the space between the arches is an enriched moulding, carried longitudinally across, from the external walls to the clere-story.

The roof over the nave is sloping and separated into bays by arches, having spandrels of perforated trefoiled openings and an open quatrefoil ornament, ending in a handsome and conspicuous pendent.

From this pendent the arches are continued to the ridge pole, there meeting similar ones springing from the opposite side. Ribs with moulded surfaces, arising from a cornice, that is extended lengthwise between the arches, are carried midway between each arch until they meet at the ridge pole.

The entire roof is of a dark color and forms a striking feature of the edifice. Strictly speaking there is not a *pew* in the house—open benches with carved ends and adorned by clustered shafts, with a capital, are substituted for the usual square and ungainly looking pews.

A square headed moulding, surmounting a sunken arch, in which is a small panel, for the number of each bench, serves to give the ends a finished and agreeable appearance.

The Pulpit is strikingly beautiful; as is proper, it is much more elaborate and intricate in its adornments, than the rest of the edifice. The Buttresses with deep sunken arches, on their faces, at the bottom of the stairs leading to the pulpit; the crocketed shafts and pinnacles, and the exquisitely carved foliage, give to the pulpit a graceful, light and elegant appearance, exceedingly captivating and pleasing.

Directly in the rear of the pulpit is an open work screen, rising almost to the roof.

This screen with its perforated openings, its beautiful carving, and handsome tracery forms a very conspicuous ornament in the Church.

It is flanked by small turrets, ending in a crocketted pinnacle—each pinnacle surmounted by the poppy-head finial, so peculiar to the Gothic architecture. Its centre is terminated by an ornamental cross—that most appropriate symbol and emblem of the Christian's faith.

There are no side galleries—those unsightly and disfiguring appurtenances have been wisely omitted.

The only gallery is at the end of the Church, opposite from the pulpit and contains the organ, with seats for the choir.

This organ loft, extends from side to side, the whole breadth of the Church. Its front is handsomely finished, being divided into spaces by conspicuous mouldings, between which, are trefoiled headed recessed arches.

This gallery has an extended central projection, supported beneath, by four trusses or cantilevers, of the open work quatrefoil spandrels. The screen in front of the organ is similar in its finish and ornaments to that in rear of the pulpit, and adds much to the beauty of that part of the structure. The coloring of all the wood work is dark and an admirably successful imitation of black walnut.

The sides of the building have windows with a perpendicular mullion and a horizontal transom, dividing them into bays, ending in a trefoil. Each window in the Church is glazed with diamond shaped panes, of an amber tint, thus diffusing through the inside an agreeable pleasant light.

This is but an imperfect description of this new Church, which in elegance and beauty far surpasses any in this vicinity.

CONTROVERSY IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

When Bishop Eastburn's Manifesto appeared in the 'Christian Witness and Church Advocate,' we reprinted it, in our Theological Miscellany, as an important incident in the affairs of one of the most respectable among the sects into which the Church is divided—and as that particular sect is organized upon the principal of order and uniformity, secured by prelatical oversight, we presumed that the Bishop's manifesto would be followed with prompt and passive submission on the part of those at whom it was aimed. We were confirmed in this presumption by finding an editorial article, in the organ of the sect in this place, endorsing the Bishops rebuke, and at the same time declaring its columns closed against all who might feel inclined to offer a whisper of remonstrance. This article we also copied into our Theological Miscellany. Here, it was thought that the matter would cease to be of interest to the public, beyond the limits of the sect to which the parties belonged. Questions of interior discipline, relating to mere orders of procedure, and about the meaning and application of canons, or rubrics, of course would not be obtruded upon the public generally to whom they could be of no conceivable interest, and who could not, in any way, act or exercise an influence upon their determination. As the authorised and acknowledged head of the sect had spoken with such decisive authority, and its organ was closed against the society and the persons suffering under the prelatical condemnation, we presumed, that like good, obedient Churchmen, they would have bowed in penitent submission. In which event 'the church' would have added another to its claims upon the support and admiration of those who think order and uniformity more important than all things else, and neither we nor any others, not included within its fold, would have had any occasion to concern ourselves with the matter.

But it seems that the 'Church of the Advent' has no idea of submission, and although the only alternative of submission is rebellion, it is ready to meet it. Its members have appealed to the public through several of the daily presses of this city, and our notice has been particularly requested by them to one of those appeals as it appeared in the Evening Transcript of Dec. 23d.

It is a reply to an article in the 'Christian Watchman' of this city (Baptist) and relates particularly to the Canons of the Episcopal Church, and is, therefore, of no interest to us whatever. We notice, however, one sentence which we quote as a curious illustration of the slight of hand with which controversialists confound the common sense of the rest of mankind.

The Bishop's manifesto, which has made all this pother and against which the 'Church of the Advent' has published a pamphlet, and a long string of resolutions, and is crying out through the whole secular press, is explained away to nothing, evaporated into thin air, and actually extinguished from existence, as follows:

'The great mistake on the part of the Watchman, (and of many others who form opinions on this subject,) is in supposing that *anything has been done by the Bishop*. No 'mandate of the Bishop' has been 'set at defiance,' for none has been issued. No 'Episcopal censure' is disregarded, for none has been promulgated. The letter which has made all this stir is simply a communication to the clergy generally, upon this subject, and not at all addressed either to Mr. Croswell or his vestry;—and this is the only ecclesiastical proceeding which has been had.

These mistakes are perfectly innocent and not remarkable among persons not acquainted with our laws and usages.'

As we understand that the 'Church of the Advent' are resolved to transfer their appeal from the tribunals of their sect, where as we stated in our last paper 'they have no remedy but submission,' to the opinion and verdict of the public, we insert the following article from a correspondent, premising that he is a Unitarian, but as will be seen, in sympathy with 'the Church of the Advent,' under the present pressure upon them of prelatical power.

We would further say that if the 'Church of the Advent' really intends to appeal to the spirit of religious liberty pervading the community at large against the exercise of arbitrary authority in the sect to which it belongs, it will be sure of our interest in its behalf, and of that of all who appreciate the value of the rights of private Christians and of particular congregations. We do not so much object to the errors or the ceremonies of the great sects, as we do to the power which their greatness enables them to weild, so oppressively, against individuals. We are able to look with composure upon candlesticks, surplices, and genuflexions, and if some people choose to have their minister stand with his back to them, and his face against the wall, while he leads in their worship, it is their affair and not ours.

But whoever resists the exercise of sectarian power—whoever stands upon his rights to determine for himself, or in conjunction with those who engage with him in his worship, how it shall be offered—whoever enlists under the banner, and claims the privileges of the independence of particular congregations, and of freedom of worship, may be sure of our warmest sympathy and best wishes.

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For the Register.

The matters between Prelacy and Puseyism have created considerable stir. At the beginning of the month, and when we were distracted by apprehensions of war with England, the Bishop of Massachusetts suddenly electrified the good people of this Commonwealth by a 'manifesto,' which exaggerated the fears of some ancient women into a terrible state of excitement. And truly, an invasion from Rome, and a war with England, were enough to disturb their dreams; some, we believe, had graphic visions of the Pope of Rome, and the Bishop of Massachusetts, battering each other with mitres and manifestos, crosses and candlesticks. Prelacy opens the battle upon Puseyism; but Puseyism promptly returned her fire, and here for the present, after this single exchange of shot, the matter seems to rest between the principals. Prelacy has not renewed the charge, very much to the regret of the ancient women aforesaid, who are somewhat fearful that the caliber of the Prelatical gun is too small for large shot, or, that the ammunition for the manifesto has exhausted the Episcopal magazine. The cause of the onslaught by Prelacy upon Puseyism was in consequence of alleged 'offensive innovations' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage,' by the latter. Of course, Prelacy, under the awful and overwhelming responsibility of such a momentous affair, 'in the principal city of the diocese,' and 'under the Prelate's own immediate eye,' must do something. Rome would have thundered from the Vatican. 'Massachusetts' could not do otherwise with being 'guilty of dereliction of plain duty.' Rome would have thundered, and so, thundered 'Massachusetts.' We say the accusation charged in the manifesto was, 'an offensive innovation' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage.' Such appears to us to be a fair statement of the case; although an Episcopal writer in this controversy has said, 'it is not to be expected that strangers should understand *our church*.' Whether we understand '*our church*,' or not, we neither know nor care; we profess to have common sense, and to understand the absurdity of a quarrel about 'tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.' And to show that this mighty stir of Prelacy is nothing more, let us invert the position of the matter. Our charge would read thus—'we should be guilty of a dereliction of plain duty,' 'were we not to express in this public manner,' our 'utter and unqualified condemnation,' of the 'manifesto,' as an 'offensive innovation' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage.' There, our charge is as stilted, and reads as pompously, and as ponderously, as that of any Prelate in 'Massachusetts;' though we have no mitre, God forbid, on our heads. Now we have made our charge, let us see if we cannot prove it as logically as a Prelate. The manifesto alleged an 'offensive innovation,' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage;' that is, the offenders did things which the 'canons and rubrics' do not expressly require. The form of the communion table was a ground of complaint. 'It was a simple, moveable table of pine wood.' Now the 'canons and rubrics' do not expressly require, precisely such a table, therefore, to have such, was an 'offensive innovation' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage.' If we might be permitted to hazard an opinion on such an important case, we should venture to say, that we should think, that a 'common pine table with four legs,' might be allowed to possess, in the most critical mind, the character of 'masculine simplicity.' 'Golden candlesticks,' not being expressly required by 'canons and rubrics,' are an offensive innovation upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage.'

Leaving the question of economy out of view; if the Church of the Advent could support the costly expenditure of 'golden candlesticks' in lighting their Church, we can see no great harm in the case. The question of extravagance is not raised by the manifesto, so we will not agitate it. The 'canons and rubrics' do not expressly require the 'decoration' of a 'large wooden cross,' consequently, it was an 'offensive innovation' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage.' A wooden cross, however, it might be supposed had 'masculine simplicity' enough to satisfy any Prelate. The gist of the case is in doing what the 'canons and rubrics' do not expressly require. Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee. This is precisely what we charge upon the Prelacy of Massachusetts. We assert distinctly, that in publishing a 'manifesto' declaring his official 'censure,' pronouncing the judgment of his 'utter and unqualified condemnation,' without inquiry and without trial, of the usages of a church, and the conduct of its clergymen, and warning the young against the 'subject of his rebuke,' he did what the 'canons and rubrics' do not authorize: Pastoral letters are authorized by the canons. But a pastoral letter, and this 'manifesto' are very different things. And we shall protest, as loudly as Prelacy itself, against the subterfuge of sheltering this 'manifesto' under the canon authorising pastoral letters. To all intents and purposes it is a 'censure,' a 'reprimand,' a 'rebuke' officially promulgated, and was obviously intended as an oblique, if not a direct, censure upon the Church of the Advent. If the Prelate of 'Massachusetts' 'was well assured,' that these 'innovations' were connected with an 'unsound theology,' that is, heresy, as he very strongly insinuates, and a 'fit subject of rebuke,' he should have administered that censure, not by a manifesto called a pastoral letter; but he should have taken action by the canons, and in neglecting to do so, in pursuing the method he has adopted, not authorised by the canons of his sect he is, we repeat, as justly chargeable with an 'offensive innovation,' upon the 'masculine simplicity' of 'ancient usage,' as those whom he by a manifesto, in which he constitutes himself the accuser, judge, and jury, so utterly condemns.

But there is a more serious question in the case, and one which certainly demands some explanation. The manifesto says—'I have already privately remonstrated against the novelties adopted in the Church of the Advent.' A remonstrance must of course be addressed to the offenders. But in the published statement of the Wardens and Vestry, we find them complaining as follows. 'It is with surprise and regret we learn that our Bishop has thought proper to denounce in this public manner the arrangements of our Chapel, and the conduct of worship there, and especially that he has done so *without having addressed to us any communication on the subject, or having called our attention to it, either as a body, or as individuals.*'

It seems to us, that here is a manfest contradiction. What is the explanation?

ARGUS.

For the Register.

ON THE TITLE OF THE CLERGY.

DEAR SIR:—On reading my communication with your criticism upon it, in last Saturday's paper, I regretted to find that I had made use of some expressions which in some degree, justified the charge you make upon me of designing to cast insinuations or abuse upon the clergy, as a body. Nothing was farther from my intention in writing the piece in question. So far as there was any thought upon the matter, it would have been studiously to avoid everything of the kind. I am far as possible from entertaining, or wishing to express, indiscriminate hostility against them as a body or as individuals. I would have full justice accorded to them as to all others. My only purpose was to draw attention to what I esteemed one of the falsehoods of their present position. In making out my point I was necessarily led to the course of remark which laid me open to the imputation you put upon me. Perhaps, some expressions were a little stronger than a more mature consideration would have fully sanctioned. Nor did I design to institute any comparisons—disadvantageous or otherwise—between the clerical and other professions, any further than was needful for the purpose of showing the want of exclusive applicability to them of the title in question. All such comparisons are invidious; and, therefore, should every name be dispensed with, which directly or indirectly invites or forces it in the minds of any.

Many would think the bearings of the subject rather more important than you would seem to allow. It is getting to be notorious that the influence of this name and office alone does uphold errors and abuses which hardly any thing else would be able to do. It possesses in many places a power over men's minds and consciences which is unsafe to be intrusted in any mortal hands; since experience has ever shown that it is liable to be abused. I do not speak of the Unitarians. Without claiming for them any thing like perfection, or that they are beyond the need of advancement and further improvement, there is no exaggeration in asserting that they are, at least, half a century in advance of most others in point of personal liberality and truth of position, as well as of sound theology. But they, and those who are like them, it must be remembered, are but an insignificant portion of the clergy of the land, in point of numbers and power; and in many places would hardly enter into the account of those who speak disparagingly or otherwise of the clergy as a body. Many of these flings are no more than an echo of what Unitarians have themselves said, in times past, and say now.—They indicate the want of reforms and advancement which Unitarians have always been striving to bring about. The most zealous commender of them all, demands no more than that the church and the clergy should be pure and true to itself. And what Unitarian—or rather what true Christian would not do the same? It is because where it has come under their observation it is not so, that they raise a cry against it—a cry, which as is to be expected in such cases, is often from the greatness of the apparent evil—louder and more sweeping than strict justice will approve or sanction. A great abuse produces a strong feeling on the mind—and a strong feeling finds a loud utterance to express itself. Since such exist, whatever tends to give power to this, it is for bad. And although a name may seem but a trifle in itself, yet it is no more so, than were the white surplice and other ornaments and garbs, which our fathers so strenuously opposed, as indissolubly connected, to stand or fall, with what they knew to be falsehoods and errors, and abuses. Such trifles have more influence upon weak or ignorant minds than many would suppose.

Very respectfully, F.

Dec. 22, 1845.

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For the Register.

THE NAME UNITARIAN.

MR. EDITOR:—It seems to me that there is a great deal of unnecessary discussion among the friends of our cause in regard to the use of denominational names. One thinks the most suitable title would be Liberal Christians, another, Unitarian Christians, another, simply Unitarians. A late writer, whose views are approved by a correspondent in your last paper, thinks that we should simply call ourselves Christians. This is so broad a title, and means so much, that it cannot, as it seems to me, *be* applied to any denomination, singly, for it implies that all are christians, when, in truth, probably, not three in ten deserve the name, or feel that they deserve it. Now I think that the name of Unitarian is the only one that we should receive. Let it be coupled with Christian, whenever a due sense of one's humility and short-comings will authorize it; or let an organized society or association assume it, if it thinks proper. It is my great joy to believe that we are to a very great extent true, devoted, Unitarian christians. Every day shows new advances in the christian life of our denomination.—At no former period has there been so much energy and power set forth in our pulpit, or carried out by the various instrumentalities of Sunday School instruction, social, religious meetings, benevolent and philanthropic labors, missionary and direct christian means for extending the blessed influence of the Gospel of Christ. We should never be ashamed of the name of Unitarianism, when it is so identified with every thing that is pure, lovely, holy, and christian. There may be some objection to the name in places where our good works are not known, as for example, in the Western States, where we have a few devoted and sacrificing friends of our cause, but even there they will see that our charities have extended. What can do more to remove the prejudice there than the donation of $500 to a Methodist institution, from one of our most liberal and wealthy Unitarians, conveyed in behalf of the American Unitarian Association.

A UNITARIAN.

For the Register.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT EASTON.

The Society in Easton, having remodelled their ancient Church and called the Rev. Paul Dean, to be their Pastor, invited an Ecclesiastical Council to assist in the services of Dedication and Installation on Wednesday, Dec. 24th. The Council met at 10 o'clock, and was organized by the choice of Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover, as Moderator, and Rev. Charles H. Brigham of Taunton as Scribe. After transacting the usual business, they proceeded to the Church, where the exercises of Dedication were performed in the following order. Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. B. Ballou, of Stoughton, Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Darius Forbes of West Bridgewater, Dedication Hymn,—Dedication Prayer, by Rev. John Lewis Russell, of Hingham, Sermon by Rev. Mr. Dean, from Psalm 122d. 1st;—Concluding Prayer by Rev. Claudius Bradford of Bridgewater.

After the services, all present adjourned to the new Town Hall, under the Church, where a most bountiful collation had been prepared.—At one o'clock, the services of Installation began in the Church. The Introductory Prayer was made by Rev. C. H. Brigham of Taunton,—Reading of the Scriptures was by Rev. Mr. Russell, Sermon by Rev. Samuel Barrett, of Boston, from Ephesians. iv. 1. Installation Prayer, by Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Alvan Lamson of Dedham; Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Benjamin Huntoon, of Canton; Address to the Society, by Rev. Frederic T. Gray, of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bradford; Benediction, by the Pastor.

The exercises throughout, were well-sustained, sensible and appropriate, and were listened to by a large and attentive audience. The subject of Mr. Dean's discourse was the *value* and *necessity* of *public worship*, and the illustrations which he used to show this, were just and pertinent. Mr. Barrett spoke of the duty of Unitarians to live up to their faith. He defended earnestly its practical character, and showed how much superior it is to Calvinism in its doctrine concerning human nature, and the Attributes and Government of God, and the offices of Jesus Christ. He gave an eloquent and powerful description of the true Christian character, and exhorted his hearers earnestly, to manifest in their lives the spirit of their belief. Dr. Lamson's charge was strong and plain spoken, and full of valuable practical counsels and the results of experience. It contained good advice alike for pastor and people,—the Hight Hand of Fellowship was vigorous and hearty, gave a warm welcome to the new brother in the Churches, and feelingly alluded to the former pastors of the Church. The Address to the Society, was warm and affectionate, more in the tone of entreaty and advice, though it abounded in valuable suggestions.

The music was in keeping with the other parts of the service, and too much cannot be said in its praise. We think the Society have reason to congratulate themselves on so happy a beginning of the worship of their new sanctuary. May it be filled from Sunday to Sunday with devoted worshippers. And may the experienced pastor, in this humbler field of his labor, find abundant fruits of his ministry.

PEACE.

[Extract from a Sermon preached at Lowell, Dec. 25, 1845.]

With this season, are completed thirty-one years, since the happy establishment of peace with Great Britain and our own country, after a war of more than two years, calamitous to both. It was on the 24th of December, 1814, that the commissioners of both countries, assembled at Ghent, signed together the Treaty of Peace, which being accepted and confirmed by the governments of both put an end to the sorrows and disasters inseparable under its mildest form from war. Never can I forget the exultation and joy, with which the tidings were welcomed, in every portion of the land. Tears of joy flowed down from many a cheek unused to tears; and prayers and thanksgivings ascended from innumerable hearts to the God of peace. And as within a few months since, on the very day, that is celebrated here at home as the Anniversary of our National Independence, I passed the venerable edifice in Ghent, where those commissioners sat, and entered the very Hall, where that blessed deed was done, and remembered the happy consequences which had flowed from it, not to our own country alone, but to the world, and felt all the joy and thanksgiving of its first annunciation rising fresh in my heart. I felt how significant and how beautiful was the correspondence between the deed itself and the season in which it was transacted; between a covenant of peace, that took down the wall of partition between two great nations, and made both one, and the celebration of the birth of Christ Jesus, the Prince of Peace, who brings good will to men.

And when, my brethren, but a little more than three years ago, another covenant of peace without any battle of the warrior or any tumult of war was established by the representatives of the same rival countries, settling, as we trust forever, questions that had so long been agitated; showing how by negotiation and not by blood, by wise and honest and temperate counsel, 'not by might or by power,' the contending claims of nations might be adjusted, how beautiful and instructive was the lesson given! what a glorious evidence was furnished of the advancing triumph of the peaceful kingdom of Christ Jesus! what a lesson, too, did it hold up to mankind of the needlessness, the absurdity, not less than of the wickedness of war!

We have assembled this evening to commemorate the birth of a Savior into our world; that glorious event, predicted for ages by the prophets, fulfilled in the all-disposing providence and manifold wisdom of God, and destined in its great results to become the riches and salvation of mankind.

How can we more worthily celebrate this gladsome event, than by consecrating ourselves anew, this night, to Him, who is our Peace and the Redeemer of the world, who came, not to destroy men's lives, but to seek and to save them that are lost. Let us, therefore, consecrate our hearts and our lives to the holy spirit of Christian peace. It is recorded, you know, of the father of a celebrated ancient General, that while yet a child, he brought his son to the altar of *his God*, and *made him* swear eternal hatred to the enemy of his country. All this might have been in accordance with what was taught in the old times. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.' But it becomes us, my brethren, as disciples of the Prince of Peace, and children of the God of love, to love our enemies, if enemies we have, and 'as much as in us lies, to live peaceably with all men.'

Thus shall we worthily celebrate this festive day; thus in the best sense shall we keep the feast, not in malice, but in love. Thus shall we, as individuals and as citizens fulfill according to our measure the sure word of prophecy and make ourselves even helpers with God in hastening the day, when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; when all our children shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of our children.

F. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I. A Dissuasive from Moral Intolerance, delivered at Bloomington, Ind. before the Philomathean Society of the Indiana University, by Henry Ward Beecher—Indianoplis—1845.

A few weeks ago we noticed with commendation the volume recently published by Mr. Beecher, a son, as our readers are aware, of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D.—addressed to Young Men—one of the most valuable and interesting books of the day, and which we rejoice to learn is having an immense circulation all over the country.

We now would express our most unqualified admiration of the Discourse before us. HENRY WARD BEECHER has inherited, in full measure, the genius of his father, and he is consecrating it to the noblest aims. No where are the principles of toleration and religious liberty, for which we have contended, and which Unitarian Christians prize more than any doctrinal views whatever, more fully or more powerfully set forth than in this address. We shall hasten to present passages from it to our readers, as soon as the matter, crowding for admission into our columns, gives us an opportunity. In the mean time we have but room to thank him for the work he is doing, and to present, as a specimen of it, the passage directed especially to the graduating class of the Indiana University:

GENTLEMEN:

'In presenting you these diplomas will you hear from me a parting word.

You enter a world of factious parties; of venomous sects. You must be in their circle, but you must refuse their spirit; you must labor with them, but not like them; they are full of evil; that evil must never beguile your affections.

Go not with any party, as if truth always belonged to strength; withhold not yourselves from any party, as if truth could not dwell with weakness. Contend with error by your understanding; extinguish it, as the sun doth feeble, false lights, by the brightness of a greater.

Let your convictions of truth be as sacred as the name of God. Men, interest, pleasure, have no right to lay a hand upon them. Live for truth, and you will live as long as it does.

And, as your Model,—to cheer you in many a weariness of your troubled way, to save you in every girding temptation, to inspire you when almost fallen from your integrity through faintness and fear,—I present to you that Solitary One, who, in all excellence, must forever dwell alone,—JESUS CHRIST—the only perfect understanding without spot of error; the only heart that earth ever had which knew how to be patient and gentle with error, that it might take it away. May He give you the key of truth, and you shall find it to be the key of life and of Heaven.'

II. Peace—Not war. A sermon preached in the Federal Street Meeting House, December 14, 1845. By Ezra S. Gannett. Published by request. Boston. Joseph Dowe—22 Court Street. 1845.

Dr. Gannett has discharged his duty, as a christian minister, in preparing and preaching this discourse, and those who have procured its publication have rendered a service to the community and country. In the present state of serious apprehension of a foreign war, christians are desirous of knowing in what manner most effectually to exert an influence to prevent so fatal, demoralizing, and disgraceful an event, and, in case of its occurrence, what course it will become them to pursue. On these topics we trust that the clergy will speak out, without fear of man, and in fidelity to the principles of the highest moral and religious obligations. If the pulpit everywhere raises its voice, and the press lends its aid to give it a universal hearing, it may be found to possess an influence which vulgar and wicked politician will not dare to disregard. The following extract shows that Dr. Gannett has led the way, in this good work, with courage and energy:

'Be it then our business, friends and hearers, to expose the emptiness of these pleas, on which they who would embroil this country with a foreign Power rely for their justification. There is neither pertinency nor force in them. Say so. Encourage others to say so. Tell your countrymen what is the real honor of a nation, and what the true office of the American people. Express your distaste, your disapprobation, your abhorrence of war; of war with England, or France, or Mexico, or any other country on earth; of war, as in itself unchristian, fruitful of evil, productive of no good. Say that war costs more than it yields; that if we could get the whole Pacific coast from southernmost California to the most northern of the Russian settlements by a single month's fighting, we should pay too much for it. Say that this not all worth a drop of blood shed in the strife of rival nations. Say that peace is what Christ came to bestow on men, through their adoption of the principles of his religion; and that it is what you as his disciples will maintain, and the country must maintain, let some be ever so loud in their imputation of treachery or cowardice. Show you the courage of faith, and the patriotism of principle. Utter the language which I have now commended to your lips, in the public places or the private circles to which you may have access. Men! speak it to one another in the street, and let it be overheard by the passer-by. Wives! repeat it to your husbands in the thoughtful quietude of your homes. Mothers! explain it to your children. One and all, be ye open and earnest, firm though calm, in asserting the claims of Peace upon every American and every Christian.

Let no one say that this is unsuitable advice for the preacher to *give on this day*. The preaching, this day at least, has been according to my deepest convictions. I have abstained from all allusions which might connect the subject with censure or commendation of any political party, and have looked at it from the higher ground of Christian instruction. Complain not that the discourse has been long. I could not say what I wished to say in less space; and say it, and say it now, I felt I must. And therefore once more I entreat you, friends and hearers, to prove yourselves the meek, but strong supporters of Peace. Let not the country be driven or be dragged into a war. Forestall such a conclusion by the thousand voices you shall lift up against it. Other voices will join with yours, and the sound of this protest against the abomination of war shall travel as on electric wires along the Atlantic shore; and shall spread *itself over the interior, till it has flowed down the western slopes of the Alleghanies* and through the great valley of the Mississippi; and thence, with the mighty force which it shall have accumulated, will it return and at the doors of Congress utter itself in such clear and commanding tones, that the legislators of the land, if they rejoice not when they hear it, shall be afraid not to obey its behest. And then, when one more crisis has been passed in safety, and another war averted, we shall have one more to add to our present array of proofs, that the time is coming, when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more:' for the Prince of Peace shall extend his gentle reign over the whole earth.'

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III. Purity and Charity. A Discourse in behalf of the Children's Friends' Society, delivered in the First Baptist Church, Providence, Oct. 7, 1845.—By Edward B. Hall, Pastor of the First Congregational Church. Providence—Published by Charles Burnett, Jr. 1845.

This interesting discourse is published at the expense of generous individuals, that those who purchase it, besides the benefit to be derived from its perusal, may take the satisfaction of contributing the price paid for it to the benevolent object it advocates. It is from the text:

Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this—to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—*James* i. 27.

The discourse presents a close, earnest, and persuasive strain of argument and exhortation in favor of an enlightened and beneficent charity, and we doubt not that its publication, as its delivery, will promote the cause which it pleads.

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IV. The Diadem for MDCCCXLV. A present for all Seasons, with Ten Engravings, after pictures by Inman, Leutze, &c. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. William D. Ticknor & Co. Boston.

This is a truly beautiful and splendid specimen of the arts which contribute to the production of such works. In the tasteful elegance of the exterior, in the paper, the letter press, engravings and various ornaments by which it is embellished, it cannot be surpassed. The literary gems are contributed by a list of authors among whose names are *R. W. Emerson*, F. H. Hedge, N. L. Frothingham, C. T. Brooks, and Anne C. Lynch.

This is the second series of the Diadem. The work has been arranged and edited by Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, and was suggested by Mr. Carey of that city, whose recent death has deprived American art of one of its most refined, and liberal patrons and promoters. In the preface of the present volume, Mr. Furness renders an eloquent and affectionate tribute to his memory. Among the engravings is a portrait of Mr. Carey, which recalls him vividly to our remembrance, as in company with the Editor of the Diadem, we several years ago enjoyed beneath his roof, the contemplation of the beautiful productions of American and foreign genius with which his spacious rooms were hung.

It is delightful to find an Annual like this, combining so much of the highest finish of taste, genius and eloquence, proceeding from our own countrymen; and although the pure and noble spirit whose love of art prompted, and munificent patronage carried through this work, has been removed from the scene forever, we trust it will be sustained by the public, and that from year to year, it may exhibit to us the progress of those arts, intellectual and mechanical, which are developed in the most elegant and beautiful productions of which the press is capable.

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V. Church of the Advent. A letter of the Bishop of Massachusetts, occasioned by his late letter to the Clergy. By William Croswell, Rector of the Church of the Advent. Together with the Resolutions of the Wardens and Vestry. Boston: Printed by Tuttle & Dennett. 1845.

This pamphlet is an answer to the edict of

Bishop Eastburn, which we published in a late paper. The resolutions are signed, among others by Richard H. Dana and Theron Metcalf. One of them in speaking of the Rector of the 'Church of the Advent,' says:—

'That we cordially sympathise with him in his efforts he is making, by the Daily Service, the observance of Holy Days, a regular Offertory, the use of free sittings, the introduction of simple and ancient music, visitations of the poor and sick, and frequent celebration of the Sacraments, Ordinances, and Offices, to do his part towards presenting the Church in its entireness before this community.'

We have no disposition, and feel no call, to enter into this controversy. If any portion of the descendants of the Fathers of New England have seen fit to subject themselves again to episcopal authority, they cannot expect our sympathy if it bears rather hard upon them.

Christian freemen and republican citizens have voluntarily clothed with controlling power, particular individuals whom they have entitled 'Right Reverend Fathers in God,' Protestants who have had no hand in giving them that power cannot be much concerned if it is exercised over those who have placed themselves under it, in discountenancing and repressing usages such as Bishop Eastburn has so effectually condemned.

I. 'The Belfry of Bruges and other poems,' by H. W. Longfellow. Cambridge; John Owen: 1845.

Professor Longfellow has given us another volume from the Cambridge press, in a style of tasteful elegance corresponding with the effusions of his highly cultivated mind which it contains. It consists of numerous pieces, of which one one that gives the title to the collection, is it 'primus inter pares.' There are different schools of poetry, and different tests among those who find delight in reading it. A truly liberal and enlightened criticism will look only for its appropriate excellencies in each kind, and relish them all and severally. For ourselves we are free to say that we take especial satisfaction in the species of poetry to which the pieces in this beautiful volume belong. We rejoice that the chair in our University, which this form of elegant literature is peculiarly adapted to adorn and illustrate, is occupied by one who contributes so much to gratify the refined taste of the public.

VII. 'The Child in Heaven,' Second Edition. Boston: Published by Joseph Dowe.

This little volume contains much consolatory matter for bereaved parents, and cannot fail to be read with interest and benefit by all who have been called to part with the objects of their tenderest affection.

VIII. Crosby & Nichols have published 'The Housekeeper's Annual and Ladies Register' for 1846.

IX. W. M. Cornell, M. D. has commenced the publication, at No. 12, Franklin st., in this city, of 'the Monthly Miscellany and Journal of Health.' The present number contains, among a variety of articles and book notices, an account of 'Boston Common,' with a very beautiful steel engraving, and a Lecture, on 'my own times, or fifty years since,' delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, by Walter Channing, M. D.

X. Francis & Co's Little Library for young persons of various ages, is continued by the publication of 'Claudine, or Humility the basis of Virtues, a Swiss Tale'—by a Mother,

'Always Happy, &c., and also
and poems for children,' by Caroline

Singer's First Book'—by J. & H.
edition—published by John Owen,
ge—and highly commended by Mr.
the Normal School, Dr. Putnam, of
George B. Emerson, and others.

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e received too late for insertion the
dgment of the munificent donation of
Williams, Esq., referred to by our
dent.

IGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

PUSEYISM IN ENGLAND.

rom one of the Roman Catholic papers we
this extract.

THE TRACTARIANS. From papers received
the last steamer, we glean the following ad-
al particulars relating to the recent access-
to the Church, from that distinguished body
ivines designated Tractarians.

We have heard (says the *Oxford Herald*) on
d authority, that Mr Oakely has resigned the
wship of Baliol College and prebendary of
itchfield. Mr. Oakley was elected to his
wship from Christ Church in 1827, in
h year he obtained the Chancellor's prize
he English essay, and also Dr. Ellerton's
; having previously obtained the Chancel-
prize for the Latin essay, at Christ Church
825. Mr. Oakely filled successively the
es of select preacher, public examiner, and
itehall preacher for Oxford. We believe
Mr. Oakely received his prebendal stall in
hfield Cathedral from the late Bishop Ry-
[It is understood that Mr. Oakley retires
lay communion.']

he same paper adds, that as several erroneous reports have arisen with respect to the individuals who have recently left the established church, and entered the Roman Catholic church, we are induced to furnish a correct list, which may be considered authentic.'

s we have already given the names of the latter part of those contained in this list, we merely add such as have not before fallen under our notice, viz:

ev. W. F. Wingfield, M. A.; and Walter Glass, Esq., Commoner of Christ Church.

homas Harper King, Esq., Commoner of ter College.

ev. Brook Bridges, M. A. and Rev. Daniel ons, M. A., of Oriel College.

ev. Thomas Meyrick, M. A., Corpus Christi lege.

he Rev. C. H. Collyns, M. A., student of st Church, and curate of St. Mary Magdalen Church, has resigned his studentship, and ntemplating an immediate secession.

he Rev. Robert Asten Coffin, M. A., student of Christ Church, and vicar of St. Mary dalen Parish, has followed the example of urate, the Rev. Charles Henry Collyns, and d the Church of Rome. The reverend eman was admitted a member of the Catholic Church at the Catholic chapel in St. ents'.

e may further add, on the authority of the *rd Herald*, the following statement of the ber of distinguished members from the several Colleges to which they were attached, y are—

om Christ Church—*five.*
om Exeter College—*five*—
om University College—*one.*
om Magdalen College—*two.*
om Oriel College—*five.*
om Baliol College—*three.*
om Brazenose College—*two.*
om Worcester College—*one*
om St. John's College—*one.*
om Corpus Christi College—*one.*
om Pembroke College—*one.*

The *English Churchman* has good reason to complain that 'Rome gets their (the establishment's) best men in exchange for her (the Catholic Church's) worst men,'—and we have better reason to rejoice at such a result; yet it is not from the 'best men' alone that these accessions take place. Whole families, from the highest circle to the lowest, are among the recent conversions, some of whom are, the Ladies Acheson, daughters of the Earl of Gosford; the family of Mr. Woodmason, of Littlemore; as also that of Ruscombe Poole, Esq., of Bridgewater, with many others, of the first respectability.'

An English paper, under the head of *Railway Intelligencer*, gives the following information.

RAILWAY EXTRAORDINARY.

Oxford and Rome Direct Railway, with a Branch from Cambridge. Among the numerous railway projects, the above-named entirely engrosses the public attention, and the shares are already at a high premium. Several gentlemen connected with the Oxford University have projected no less than nine *Tracts* or lines, all however, conducting *to the same terminus*. Mr. Newman, the chief engineer, is gone to Rome to consult the Pope as to the best line, and when it is completed, his Holiness has promised to visit Oxford *in propria persona*. The great difficulty will be in crossing the channel; but Dr. Pusey, the *superintendent engineer*, who has already evinced considerable skill in the construction of a *via media*, proposes a sort of *pons asinine*, or asses' bridge, which he thinks will answer the purpose admirably, as the line may be carried over it. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter are at the head of the list of directors; and, though the latter has prohibited his clergy from having any interest in it as shareholders, he has encouraged their promoting the undertaking as much as possible; and so heartily do many of them enter into the scheme, that it is said they have absolutely offered to do a great part of the work themselves, having been effectually taught the mode when at the University. The proposed line is to go through Canterbury, where, in the full anticipation of the sanction of Parliament, a large station-house is erecting in the vicinity of the cathedral, under the superintendence of the archbishop himself; while Dr. Bagot, the late bishop of this diocese, is, they say, gone to Bath to consult about a connecting line between that city and Wells. Should the project succeed—and we see no reason why it should not—Oxford and Rome will be brought into happy association, and our fellow-citizens may anticipate a glorious revival in trade—in the sale of relics from Rome, bones, beads, crucifixes, &c. [Oxford (English) Chronicle.

THE NEW DIVINITY.

The leaders of the orthodox denomination do not find it very easy to stifle the voice of truth and enquiry by representing that there is really no difference between the Old and the New School, and by enforcing upon all parties the calvinistic shibboleth. While they are protesting that all is harmony and peace, we hear the mutterings of discord, and the charges of heresy rising still, from the midst of the churches arrogating the titles of orthodox and evangelical. The Detroit Evangelical Observer thus deals with Dr. Bacon of New Haven.

'This esteemed brother has attempted, in a late number of the N. Y. Evangelist, to explain still further his remarks on Dr. Beman's 'Church Psalmist,' made before the Association and in his reply to Dr. Beman. He has professed himself 'sorry to find that anything said or done by (him) produced' the impressions on our minds, which we freely expressed in giving place to his reply in one of our late numbers. We doubted not he would be. We acknowledge that our feelings were wounded. We frankly declared the fact, not reproachfully but in Christian freedom and fidelity. We find from his own communication that we have not been the only persons wounded by his remarks; for he quotes from a letter of a friend who wrote to him, 'I did not see how you could sustain your declarations in point of fact or truth.' From other sources he has been apprised of the 'wounded sensibility' of his brethren as well as from us: and having through a whole column of the N. Y. Evangelist, pursued an inquiry in vain as to what can be the cause of it, thinks after all, that he cannot discover the 'unkindness or inadvertence,' on his part, which has grieved his brethren. We are sorry for it: and only add, that we thought the thing had been pointed out with sufficient distinctness to prevent mistake by him or any one else. It Dr. Bacon, among other inquiries, as to the head and front of his offending, had undertaken to explain or justify the physico-theological language he has virtually sanctioned or used on the subject of depravity, and particularly had attempted to give us, as a 'New School man,' the meaning of his peculiar metaphor 'ingrained sinfulness,' perhaps he would not have been so unsuccessful in his pursuit.'

WAR AND THE WAR SPIRIT.

It will be learned from the interesting letter of our Washington Correspondent, that the war-spirit begins to prevail in Congress. The speech of Senator Cass alluded to, was an exceedingly bellicose one—breathing vengeance toward all 'foreign foes,' but England in particular. It is clear that it will not be for lack of imprudence on the part of some of those clothed with 'a little brief authority' on our side, if uninterrupted peace blesses us much longer. We commend the following vivid and truthful picture of war, sketched by a master hand—a British subject too—to all those who are so rampant for war about a strip of far-off land, dear at any cost. We quote Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus:'

'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there were successively selected, during the French war, say thirty ablebodied men.—Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; and dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted.—And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain; are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest: *They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them.—How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.* So it is in the Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still, as of old, 'what devilitry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two natural enemies, in person take each a tobacco pipe, filled with brimstone, light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in.' [Baltimore Visiter.

In this connection we would commend to the notice of our readers the following, which we have received from the Secretary of the Peace Society.

FOR PETITIONS ON PEACE.—TO MINISTERS AND CHRISTIANS.

There is no need of war except what comes from the wrong views of men. Nations *could, if they would*, settle their difficulties without war, as well as individuals do theirs without duels. There are, or may be found, better means for this purpose than the sword. We urge nations, not to sacrifice or endanger their just claims, but merely to employ means more rational and more effectual than war, for the vindication of their rights, the redress of their wrongs, and the promotion of their common interests.

We propose no new principle, but simply insist that nations should adopt for the adjustment of their own differences the very principles they prescribe for individuals. They can, if they will; and we think the time has come when the people, always the chief sufferers from war, should demand this of their rulers in tones not to be mistaken or disregarded. Individuals *must* settle their disputes without bloodshed, either by amicable agreement between themselves, or by reference to arbiters mutually chosen, or by appeal to those common referees whom society has appointed in our courts of justice. These principles are as applicable to communities as to individuals; and hence we wish nations, in the application of these principles to themselves, either to insert in their treaties a clause binding themselves, in the event of any dispute, to settle it, in the last resort, by umpires to be mutually chosen; or to call a Congress of Nations first to agree by diplomatic delegates upon a code of International Law, and then establish a High Court of Nations, or board of international arbitrators, to interpret that law, and adjudicate whatever cases might be referred to them by nations in controversy.

We wish to enlist our own government in this great and good work, by means of petitions from all parts of the land; but, having neither the organization nor the funds requisite for the purpose, we must depend on the spontaneous aid of benevolent men interested in the object. Our rulers will take hold of this matter in earnest only at the call of the people; and hence, there should be a general demand from the whole country. We would respectfully request ministers of the gospel, or leading members of their churches, to aid us by writing out a petition like the form given below, procuring as many signatures as possible, and then sending it, at their earliest convenience, to the members of Congress from their own district, requesting their special attention to it.

This service can be done with very little trouble. Let a petition be prepared, and the minister, or some other one, mention it at some public exercise during the week, obtain what signatures he could on the spot, and then put it for more in the hands of some person whose business brings him into frequent intercourse with his neighbors.

It seems to us that the present crisis demands the special attention of the whole community to substitutes for war. We propose these petitions with no *special* reference to our existing difficulties with England; but a call at such a time from the people for other means than the sword to adjust national differences, must have, we think, it salutary influence on the deliberations both of Congress and the Cabinet, by letting them see that the nation are for peaceful measures alone. Similar petitions in 1837–8 had the effect, in the opinion of Ex-President Adams, as published from his pen soon after, to prevent a war that seriously threatened between us and Mexico; and we should have reason to hope now for a similar result, if the friends of peace all over the country would lay their requests before the rulers of the nation.

GEO. C. BECKWITH,
Corresponding Secretary Am. Peace Society.
Boston, Dec. 18, 1845.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

The undersigned, citizens of , in the State of , impressed with the evils war, and believing it possible to supersede its necessity by substitutes more effectual for all purposes of justice between nations, respectfully petition your honorable bodies to take measures for procuring such substitutes, either by treaty stipulations for the settlement of national disputes by reference, or by a Congress of Nations to agree upon a Code of International Law, and a Board of International Arbitrators, by which their conflicting interests may be amicably adjusted.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

TEXAS. The House resolutions, for the admission of Texas, were reported in the Senate without amendment and read. The bill was passed, viz:—Yeas, 31. Nays, 13.

Mr. Levy, of Fla., followed with a resolution declaring it expedient for the President to open negotiations for *the cession of the Island of Cuba to the United States!* This resolution lies over one day.

A BLIND CHPLAIN. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following account of Mr. Milburn, of Kentucky, the Methodist clergyman, lately elected Chaplain of the U. S. House of Representatives:—

'Mr. Milburn, the successful candidate, is a blind preacher from the west, and circumstances connected with his election are a little curious. He was on his way to the city of New York, where he intended to submit to a surgical operation, in the hope of making a last experiment for the restoration of his eyesight. On board the boat, after leaving Lexington, on a fine Sabbath morning, he was requested by a few of the passengers to conduct religious exercises. He consented—sung a hymn, offered up a prayer, and preached a sermon. The audience was not only delighted, but irresistibly enchained, by his rich and extemporaneous eloquence, and at the conclusion of the services they came forward, as it were, *en masse*, to learn his past history and future intentions. Among the number were several senators and representatives from the west, who begged the blind preacher to tarry a few days at Washington, and they would endeavor to elect him the chaplain of the house. *He* consented, and *they* have kept their word. That he will in all respects, fully justify the generous confidence of his friends, does not admit of doubt.'

☞ The Senate of the United States have re-elected their last year's Chaplain, Mr. Tustin.—They have confirmed the commission of Louis McLane as minister to England. The President has nominated George W. Woodward, of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, to the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court.

Congress adjourned over last week, as usual, at Christmas.

☞ We cut the following from a Montreal paper.

WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. The following advertisement appeared in yesterday's Herald.

TO VOLUNTEERS.

'The Undersigned beg to inform those men who are desirous of serving under them during the approaching War, that they will meet them at the Office of Birss & Colburn, Point au Calliere, on Friday Evening, the 19th instant, at eight o'clock.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

E. E. COLBURN,
Dec. 18, 1845. J. HUTCHISON.

Earl Cathcart, the commander of the forces, and the acting Governor General of Canada, has recently issued an immense number of commissions, for the provincial militia. Among those appointments were the persons whose names are given above.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24. The President it is understood, has signed the joint resolution for the admission of Texas, and forwarded a copy of it by a private messenger to the capital of Texas. Two months will probably see Texas sinking her identity as an independent nation into a single State of this Union, with representatives upon the floor of Congress. [Corres. Baltimore American.

RESIGNATION OF MR. SLIDELL. The New Orleans Courier of December 15th, announces the receipt of an address from Mr. John Slidell to the Electors of the First Congressional District of Louisiana, stating that in consequence of having been appointed Minister to Mexico, he has transmitted to Governor Mouton his resignation of the seat in Congress which he held as their Representative. It is dated 'U. S. ship St. Mary's, off Vera Cruz, 29th Nov. 1845.'

The Lexington, Ky. Observer of the 20th instant says: 'Mr. Clay left Ashland, on Wednesday morning last, for New Orleans, on private and professional business. He expects to be gone several months, and may probably visit Cuba during the winter.

Capt. Hawley, of brig Gipsey, from Bonair, and Demarara Nov. 28th, informs us that no rain had fallen at Demarara for five months. Cistern water in consequence was very scarce, and selling at 12 1-2 cents a bucket. [N. Y. Jour. Com.

☞ It gives us pleasure to quote from the Salem Register the following well deserved notice of the gentleman referred to.

'This was the first appearance of the New District Attorney in this county, and although the eminent services and fidelity of the late officer will induce the public to expect much, and make his position a difficult one, we are convinced, from the course of Mr. Nelson at the present term, that the State will be ably and honorably sustained. The new incumbent performed his duties with the greatest courtesy, ability and faithfulness, and to the entire satisfaction of all who had any occasion in any way to transact business with him. We feel sure that the public interests are safe in his hands, and cannot but congratulate all concerned while we regret the indisposition which caused the resignation of Mr. Huntington, that the Governor has selected so proper and excellent a successor.

The passengers who left Boston on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 24th, via the Norwich and Worcester railroad, reached New York on Monday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., the snow storm which commenced on Wednesday evening about 8 o'clock, in the opinion of Captain Bacon of the Worcester steamboat, rendering it prudent to lie at New London until the next morning. At about half past nine yesterday forenoon the Worcester met the Cleopatra in the Sound off New Haven—the latter boat from the same cause having laid at Huntington during the night. She was out of coal and came alongside the Worcester where she received a supply.

The passengers on board the Worcester being disappointed in reaching their homes to spend Christmas with their families and at their respective churches, requested Rev Mr Bellows, who was on board, to deliver an address or sermon on the occasion. Mr B. cheerfully complied, and after reading the second chapter of St. Luke, giving an account of the Nativity of Christ, he delivered a most eloquent discourse, alike impressive and appropriate, and one which will not soon be forgotten by the weather-bound passengers on board the Worcester. [N. Y. Tribune.

CONGRESS. In the House on Saturday, Dec. 27., the bill from the Senate, to extend the laws of the United States over Texas, was passed. In the Senate, Mr. Levy of Florida, withdrew his resolution to annex Cuba.

The seventh trial to elect a member of Congress in the ninth district of Massachusetts, has again resulted in a failure. The vacancy in Tennessee has been filled by the choice of a Whig. When the two members from the State of Texas shall have taken their seats, the House of Representatives will be complete, with the exception of one vacant seat in Massachusetts and another in New Hampshire, which bid fair to remain unoccupied for some time to come.

☞ 'Oliver Oldschool,' the Washington correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, says:—

'Mr. Davis has thus far exhibited great impartiality and fairness in the chair, and seemed disposed to carry out in good faith his promises. He presides with dignity and ability, and will, I doubt not make a good Speaker. I understand he is a Pennsylvanian by birth—a native of Carlisle, where he received his education; his diploma of M. D. was received in Baltimore. Being of an enterprising spirit, soon after he was married he took up his line of March for the West, and settled in Indiana, with which State he has grown up (metaphorically speaking) into the dimensions of a Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Although a decided party man, Mr. Davis is not an intolerant or virulent partisan. While he goes the full length of his party in all its measures and doctrines, he does not consider it necessary to apply offensive epithets or provoking language to his opponents, as some of his colleagues and other political friends sometimes do.

It struck me very forcibly, in surveying the new House, that the general appearance of the members is much better than that of the last House; that there is more intelligence, more good breeding and gentlemanly manners, and more dignity among them, as a body, than we witnessed two years ago; and upon making the remark to one who has been here for several years, and was a member of the 27th Congress, he replied that the same impression had been made upon him. The Goths and Vandals broke into the Capitol two years ago, but I trust that irruption was the last one of the kind we shall ever witness.

For this improvement in the appearance of the popular branch of the national legislature we are indebted to the people, and for one I return them most hearty thanks for it. Let *them* do their duty in selecting members, and our nation will not be disgraced by such scenes of disorder and rowdyism in the House as have caused Americans to blush and hang their heads for shame.'

MISS ABIGAIL WILLIAMS DOWNING.

The Baltimore Patriot of the 29th ult. contains the following notice of the death, and just tribute to the memory, of the lady named above. Those who knew her best, know well the truth of what is here said of her, in its strictest sense:

Died in this city, (Baltimore,) on Friday, 26th inst. at the residence of her uncle, Nathaniel F. Williams, Miss ABIGAIL WILLIAMS DOWNING, aged 50 years. Those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, will bear a willing testimony to the great excellence of her character, as displayed in her unwavering piety, her never-tiring industry, and her insatiable desire to be useful. During her severe sickness, she evinced a *firm, calm*, and *resigned* spirit—desirous to live, if it be the will of her Heavenly Father, more on account of her anxious friends than her own; for such had been the purity of her life, and entire confidence in the precious promises of a blessed Saviour, that she had no fear of death. If the skill and efforts of her physicians, the prayers and watchings of her devoted friends, could have saved her, she would not have died. But God, in the dispensation of his Providence, thought proper to call her away, and it is the duty of her sorrowing friends to acquiesce without a murmur.

We also notice in the Baltimore papers the death of Mr. Henry Payson, an eminent and enterprizing merchant of that place, in his 84th year.

☞ In our last paper it was stated, in a communication from a friend in Lowell, that the services of Rev. Mr. Barry, formerly minister of the Society now under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Miles, had been procured for the new Unitarian Congregation in that city. Mr. Barry had, some time before, been compelled by feeble health to retire from a connection, which for ten years had been harmonious and happy, with the Society in Framingham. He was induced by the urgent persuasion of his friends in Lowell to take into consideration a call from them to return to the scene of his early labors. We regret to hear from him that a recent indisposition renders it impossible for him to think, at present, of undertaking a pastoral charge.

☞ The Ordination of Mr. Frank P. Appleton, over the Unitarian Society in Danvers, will take place on Wednesday, Jan. 14th.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars from the Teachers of the Purchase street Sunday School in Boston, of which Rev J. I. T. Coolidge is Pastor, to constitute N. A. Barrett, Esq., their late Superintendent, who had acted in that capacity for seventeen years, a Life Member.

Also, Ten Dollars from the Bulfinch street Sunday School, of which Rev F. T. Gray is Pastor, to constitute their Superintendent, Mr David Paige, a Life Member. j3

☞ UNION PASTORAL ASSOCIATION.—The next regular meeting will take place at the house of Rev S. K. Lothrop, on Tuesday, Jan 13, at eleven o'clock. SAML. OSGOOD, Sec'y.

☞ 'The Salem and Vicinity Ministerial Association' will meet at the house of Rev Mr Thayer, in Beverly, on Tuesday, Jan 6, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
j3 J. PIERPONT, Jr.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 28th ult, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr Charles H. Dana to Miss Susan L. Floyd, both of this city.

29th ult, by Rev Dr Lowell, Dr Charles Gordon to Miss Mary A. Upham, daughter of Phineas Upham, Esq.

25th ult, by Rev Mr Smith, Mr Albert Gurney to Miss Sarah Francis Dillaway.

30th ult, by Rev Mr Huntington, C. W. Hartshorn to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Joel Smith.

In Groton, 11th ult, by Rev J. C. Smith, Mr Edward G. Plimpton of Waltham, to Miss Susan S. Richardson of G.

In Athol, 25th ult, Mr Simon Barrows, Principal of the New Bedford Academy, to Miss Caroline Twitchell of A.

In Salem, 9th ult, by Rev Dr Flint, Mr Henry A. Tuttle to Miss Adaline A. daughter of Mr Jonathan Brown.

In Lynn, Mr Samuel B. Breed of Lynn, to Miss Sarah Jane Flint of Reading.

In Prospect, Rev Jerome Harris, Pastor of the Universalist Society of P., to Miss Orilla Blanchard of P.

In Amherst, N. H., 24th ult, by Rev E. Dunbar of Peterboro', Edmund P. Bancroft of Boston, to Clara Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Hon Stephen Peabody of A.

DEATHS.

In this city, 27th ult, Rebecca Chandler, daughter of Mr Ira Chandler, of Duxbury, 36.

At the Massachusetts Hospital, 28th ult, Ebenezer Cheyne, son of Rev James Johnson of Framingham.

28th ult, Sarah P., wife of Mr Charles Colburn, 25.

23d ult, Mr Aaron Rhoades, of Dedham, 65.

In Jamaica Plain, 29th ult, Eugenia Caroline, daughter of Rufus C. and Ann Maria Kemp, 3 yrs 7 mos.

In Milton, 19th ult, Mary, wife of Mr Edward Capen, 59.

In North Andover, 2d ult, Rev Wilkes Allen, aged 70; for many years pastor of the Centre Congregational Society in Chelmsford.

In Westford, 18th ult, suddenly, Almira, wife of Mr Francis Leighton, 39.

In Waltham, Nov 14, Lowell, son of Charles and Orrilla Sanderson, 4 yrs; Dec 19, Mrs Mary, widow of the late Jonathan Sanderson, 84.

In Canton, 25th ult, Mr William Downes, 40.

In Holden, 11th ult, William B. Woods, 32.

In Worcester, 26th ult, Mr Loa Richardson of Cambridgeport, 40.

In New Hartford, Oneida co., N. Y., 19th ult, Abram Prescott, Jr., 37, son of Dea. Abram Prescott, of Westford.

In St. Louis, Mr John Walsh, formerly a Judge of some Court in Essex county—a son of Michael Walsh, the author of the well known arithmetic—and a native of Marblehead.

☞ Whole number of deaths in Boston, for the week ending Dec 27, 51. Males, 28; Females, 23; Stillborn, 4.

Causes.—Consumption 13, small pox 2, infantile 5, erysipelas 2, old age 1, dropsy on the brain 5, debility 1, inflammation of the throat 1, do bowels 1, typhus fever 2, intemperance 2, accidental 5, croup 3, dropsy 1, hooping cough 1, lung fever 2, disease of the heart 1, do liver 1, throat distemper 1, convulsions 1.

Under 5 years, 19; between 5 and 20 years, 5; between 20 and 60 years, 23; over 60 years, 4.

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, New Series, No. 1. Just published by L. C. BOWLES, 118 Washington street.

CONTENTS.—Editor to the Reader: The Memoir of Henry Ware, Jr.: Calvin's Church at Geneva: Family Festivals: The Pattern in the Mount: Day Break: A New Year's Sermon: Hope: A Chapter on Trifles: A Sunday School Lesson: Work for the Faith: The Religious Observance of Christmas. Intelligence—Dedication at Bridgewater: Church and Dedication at Troy, N. Y.: Unitarian Periodicals in Boston: Episcopacy at Oxford and in Mass. Items.

This No. of the Magazine commences a new series of the Work. It has been very much enlarged—each number will contain 48 pages royal 8vo, making two vols a year of 288 pages each.

It will be edited by Rev F. D. Huntington, assisted by distinguished Clergymen of the Unitarian denomination as contributors.

Price two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Any person procuring six subscribers shall receive a copy gratis. j3

CHILD'S FRIEND, for January. Mrs E. L. Follen, Editor. Just published by L. C. BOWLES, 118 Washington st.

CONTENTS.—A Happy New Year: I dare not Scorn: Martyrs, (John Huss, continued): The Elves, (concluded): Day before Thanksgiving: New Year's Address to a Sunday School: St. Chrysostom: My Mother's Spirit. A Morning Visitor: Statuary: Asmus.

Subscriptions received for this Work at $1,50 per annum. j3

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH ON TEXAS.—An Address on the Annexation of Texas and the aspect of Slavery in connection therewith, delivered in Boston, Nov 14-18, 1845, by Stephen C. Phillips; price 12 cents.

This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. j3

FURNESS ON ATONEMENT. A brief statement of the Christian View of the Atonement, by Rev William H. Furness, being Tract for December; price 2 cents; published for the American Unitarian Association, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 2 School st, (up stairs.) j3

DR. DEWEY'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of the Rev Orville Dewey, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Complete in one volume. Containing Discourses on various subjects; Moral Views on Commerce, Society and Politics; Discourses on Human Life; Discourses in Defence of Unitarianism; The Old World and the New; Miscellaneous Discourses and Essays. 1 vol 8vo, pp 887, London.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No. 2 School street, up stairs. j3

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. On the first of January, 1846, will be commenced a new volume of The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany.

The Examiner for 1846 will be enlarged by the addition of *twelve pages to each number*, or *seventy-two pages in the year*, without increase of price, and on account of this improvement the publisher respectfully asks an increase of patronage.

Rev Drs Lamson and Gannett will continue to edit the Examiner.

Contents of No. CXXXIII for Jan. 1846, to be published on Thursday next.

Art 1. St Augustine and his Times.
2. Rev John Andrews, D.D.
3. New Hymn Books.
4. Duty of American Women.
5. On Christian Union.
6. Stuart on the Old Testament.
7. Christianity without Christ.
8. Life and Character of Dr Ware.
9. Plato against the Atheists.
10. Prisons and Prison Discipline.

Notices of Recent Publications.
Intelligence.
Editors' Notice, &c. &c.
WILLIAM CROSBY, Publisher,
d27 118 Washington st.

NEW BOOKS. The Lost Wheelbarrow and other Stories, by the author of Willie Rogers, &c. &c.

A new volume of Poetry for Home and School, some in extra bindings, for Presents.

Published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row. d27

GREENWOOD'S DISCOURSES. Discourses by Rev F. W. P. Greenwood, in 2 vols, 12mo.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 2 School street, up stairs. d27

LIFE OF HENRY WARE, Jr. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., D.D., by his brother, John Ware, M. D., 1 vol, 12mo, pp 500, with two fine Portraits.

For sale at 2 School street, up stairs. d29

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS—Illustrated Edition. Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Illustrations by D. Huntington, containing Voices of the Night, Ballads and Miscellaneous Poems, The Spanish Student and Translations from the Swedish, Danish, Anglo-Saxon, German, Spanish, French and Italian, with Notes. Eleven plates; 1 vol 8vo, cloth, gilt; pp 387.

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The School is *wholly distinct* from 'The Charlestown Female Seminary,' with which it is sometimes confounded; and, so far as relates to *boarding-pupils*, it is designed to meet the wants of those who prefer, when about to send daughters from home, to place them *in the private family of the Teacher*. Parents at a distance will see the importance of having their daughters where some one will exercise a constant supervision over them,—a responsibility which Dr. C. prefers to assume in relation to those who may enter his School.

The *next Term* will commence on Monday, the 22d of December, and continue 15 weeks. Circulars will be addressed to those who may desire more particular information.

REFERENCES.—Drs A. R. Thompson and W. J. Walker, Rev Messrs George E. Ellis, Wm Ives Buddington and E. H. Chapin, Charlestown; George B. Emerson and George S. Hillard, Esqs., Boston; Rev F. A. Farley, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Rev Dr Wayland, Providence. n22

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POETRY.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In the hour of twilight shadows
The Puritan looked out—
He thought of the 'bloody Salvages'
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwawmet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout—
For the baby's flesh was tender,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin
Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass
And bald enough of that,
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow—
A sudden thought flashed o'er him—
A dream of long ago—
He smote his leathern jerkin
And murmured 'Even so!'

'Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea—
True is the dream's beginning—
So may its ending be!

'I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

'Again mine eyes were opened,
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng,
By shadowed lake and winding stream
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

'They slept—the village fathers—
By river, lake and shore,
When far adown the steep of time
The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

'Their Leader rode before them
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try;
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

'Once more—the strife was ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Had helped our Israel's side,
Gray stone and grassy hillock,
Told where her martyrs died,
And peace was in the borders
Of Victory's chosen bride.

'A crash—as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,
But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

'Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

'O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler obs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

'I see the living tide roll on,
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers!'
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers,
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!'

He ceased—the grim old Puritan—
Then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim-child whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear:
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in wo,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown,
The drifting soil, the moulde'ring leaf
Along the sod were blown,
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yes, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean,
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW YEAR DISCOURSE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

'Stand still and consider the wonderful works of God.'

There are times and seasons when nature, reason, and custom, invite us to pause from our common labors and pursuits, to break our ordinary train of thinking, and to suspend for a while that round of cares, of pleasures, and of business, in which our lives slide away with such wonderful and unfelt celerity. They bid us *stand still and consider;* for though the works of God and his intentions for men are written with so legible a finger that he who runs may read, yet he who runs seldom will read. Absorpt in a continual whirl of busy insignificance, the lives of most of us would glide along with a succession so uniform and unvaried, that we should never be led to any serious review of them, if our time was not dealt out to us in allotted portions, and measured by the stated revolutions of the seasons into separate periods of successive duration. It belongs only to the Supreme Being to consider all duration as one eternal now; to us it must appear in the different lights of past, present, and future. It must become the object of our computation by being divided into certain spaces and bounded by some visible land-mark; nay, it is parcelled out into the smallest divisions, and broken, as it were, to us with our daily bread, that nothing may be wasted. Of these different periods of time the most remarkable is the circle of the year, and it is therefore no less proper than usual to devote the beginning of it to reflection on ourselves and our actions, on God, and on his works. *Stand still*, therefore, that ye may *consider*.

It is usual, and the custom is not without great propriety, to direct a peculiar address to young people on the commencement of a new year; but I would rather, at this time, address myself to you of full and mature age, who have attained the middle period of life. There is a period when nature herself seems to pause, when, arrived at the summit of the hill, and neither impelled forward by the restless ardor of youth, nor as yet precipitated downwards by the weight of years, she *stands still*, and with a commanding glance surveys the whole horizon; she casts her eye back to contemplate the past, darts it forward to anticipate the future; she pauses, reflects, compares, enjoys at once all her powers, stretches at once all her faculties, and then, if ever, displays the true image of a god upon earth. *Stand still*, therefore, since with you nature stands still. To bid youth stand still is often a vain precept. Impetuous passions, quick desires, and eager wishes, agitate their frame, and spring-tides of blood hurry them along. You might as well attempt to stop the rapid current of a river with your naked hand, as to arrest their career with sentences and maxims. But when the ebb approaches and the tide begins to turn, the flood is suspended in its course, and the lightest leaf will then stand still upon the billowy ridge. And if to stand still be thus natural to your time of life, to consider is not less so. Care and consideration, forethought and anxiety, all these you are naturally inclined to. How often have they diverted you from your sweet sleep and necessary refreshments! Are not your foreheads wrinkled with them even before the time? Have they not taken the place of the smiles and sports and gay fancies that used to surround you? Now, then, turn this disposition to account; now, then, consider not your worldly gains and losses, your worldly views and prospects, but things of infinitely more moment and importance, more worthy to employ a rational mind—the works of God, the order of nature, the state and condition of your own souls.—The mind has a wonderful power of assimilating itself to the objects with which it is conversant. If these objects are mean and low, it becomes debased and contracted; if, on the other hand, they are grand and noble, it expands and enlarges itself to fit the size of such exalted contemplations. Just as men who are accustomed to pore over minute and curious trifles, grow very accurate with respect to them, but withal, shortsighted; whereas those whose way of life leads them abroad to notice distant objects, an extensive landscape, ships under sail, the ocean, improve their faculty of sight, and can take in the widest range of vision. Lift up then your eyes, which are so often bent upon the earth, and observe the wonders passing around you. Observe the majestic march of the seasons. How often have *you* seen summer and winter, seed time and harvest, succeed each other in regular and beautiful vicissitude. They do not indeed always come as our impatient fancies would have them, for we are too apt to repine. We accuse the lingering summer and the drenching rains, the driving snow and cold easterly blasts, and tremble for our harvests with anxious solicitude, as if we feared upon every little disappointment or irregularity that the eternal order of nature would be broken, and her harmonious chain unloosed.—But the seasons still return at their due periods; the winds are not spent with blowing, nor the sun dimmed with shining; the everlasting lamps have not wasted of their oil, and the bosom of the earth is still fair and fresh and fruitful as when she first came out of the hands of her great Creator. Shall all the wonders of nature pass before you, and will you not stop to consider them? Can you avoid admiring that wonderful economy by which every species of plants and animals is preserved, so that not the smallest, as we have reason to think, has been lost in the course of revolving ages? Whose hand, think you, holds the balance, and poises it with so nice a skill that one rank does not press or intrude upon another; that nothing is deficient, yet nothing superfluous, nothing wasted?—What more wonderful than that so many kinds of animals should afford food to their fellow-animals, yet the food never fail nor the species ever be destroyed! What more surprising than the continual reproduction of the fruits of the earth from the very bosom of corruption and decay,—than the pliability of the various elements and constituent parts of nature, when we want to fashion and convert them to our use, and their resistless force when they are roused to action in the great convulsions of the globe! What more wonderful than that, in the utmost shock and fury of fighting elements, their rage does not exceed a certain limit, that the ocean does not swallow up the land, nor the land narrow the mighty ocean? Tell us, you that have seen many days, and who, in the course of them, have been witness to many pompous schemes of man blasted and broken to pieces, and noble families swept away, and the policy of kingdoms utterly changed,—in all the years that have rolled over your heads, tell us, has the sun once forgot to trace his radiant circle through the sky; is there diminution of his light or abatement of his genial heat? Has the earth ever refused to retain the seed which was committed to it, with fair increase? Has it not always brought forth grass for cattle, and herbs for the service of man? Has not summer always brought with it its wonted enjoyments, and winter its accustomed comforts? Have ye never stood still to consider and admire these things; or, rather can you ever see them without fresh and growing admiration? Many seasons have passed over *you*, and the stated changes of nature you have long been familiar with; yet which of you ever saw the *new year* without emotions of delight? Which of you can contemplate nature quickening again to life and vegetation after the torpid lethargy of winter, without feeling his heart bound with transport? The frequent sight of an earthly pageant satiates and wearies the eye, but who that is most familiar with the procession of months and seasons can view their returning pomp without new sentiments of admiration? Whom does not the sweet sound of the spring fill with spontaneous rapture? That pleasure, so pure, so innocent, which arises from the grateful impression of the works of nature, is the first that strikes the infant senses, and the last which cheers the gloom and languor of age. Cherish it, therefore, in your hearts; unite it with sentiments of gratitude and piety. Learn to see every thing as the work of God. This sentiment will give animation to the stillest scene, and interest to the simplest. Seek for an increase of knowledge in the wheels that move the great machine, that you may admire with more understanding; for he who knows most and considers most will adore most, and the theme though obvious, is inexhaustible.

But you have topics to engage your attention more interesting still. Stand still and consider the salvation of God wrought in you and for you. You that have been favored with many years, can tell of many mercies. You have not lived so long without having many personal and many family blessings to be thankful for. You can speak of dangers escaped, of temptations overcome, of sicknesses healed, and sins forgiven. You can trace back your long line of life and find many blessings in it, which at the time were cutting mortifications; many escapes, which at the time were severe disappointments. How have your characters been brought out by afflictions and mellowed by the various discipline you have been obliged to pass through! Stand still and consider, and when, from the elevated post of observation you now occupy, the various scenes of your life pass in review before you, you will see events in a light in which at the time it was impossible you should see them; you will find yourselves now thankful for scenes in which you once thought it quite enough to be patient; past trials will be present triumphs; you will see that you were led by the hand when you have been ready to think yourselves utterly forsaken. How often has the arrow been turned aside from your path while you were singing carelessly along! How many circumstances can you recollect in which a choice, seemingly casual, has influenced the color of your future life; in which an unpremeditated meeting, a word dropped accidentally, a train of thought kindled up by some slight and obscure circumstance, has sunk into your minds, and laid the deep foundations of habit and a course of action! If in your early years the principles of religion have taken, as I trust they have, deep root in your minds, you are now reaping its comforts. You have found by this time, or you have been little benefited by experience, that they are the best comforts. Many enjoyments and pursuits you once were eager after, begin perhaps to sicken and pall upon your mind; and you have read the inscription of vanity upon earthly goods, which younger eyes cannot discern; but have you ever found that the satisfactions of a good conscience are deceitful? Have the hopes of a future state sunk in their value?

Lastly, consider the works of God in his providences amongst the kingdoms of the world and in his church. In the course of years you have seen many changes, and can recount to the rising generation a long series of revolutions and events. You have seen the increasing light of science and religion spreading gradually over the world, a spirit of improvement, a spirit of inquiry, a spirit of humanity, visibly increasing; the monstrous edifice of superstition, the work of dark ages of cruelty and ignorance, shaken to its very foundations; and the iron rod of persecution broken. Perhaps you have been able to discern prophecies drawing towards fulfilment, and to catch a glimpse of the happy time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. To this country, in particular, his mercies have flowed with such a full and unabating stream, that our happiness is now reckoned by the full period of revolving centuries. Not months or years, but successive generations, have rolled away, blest by law, order, and internal peace, almost without a cloud. Our liberty, that invaluable treasure, has gained by the hard struggle of our ancestors, descended to us like a fair inheritance, sanctified by prescriptive right and the indisputable tenure of long possession, and it concerns our honor now no less than our interest to preserve the precious patrimony. Religious liberty has kept pace with civil. Its principles have been thoroughly canvassed, are well understood, and placed upon the broadest basis.

Can you consider these things, and not see that they are the works of God? Let worldly politicians confine their speculations to the narrow views of a party; do you raise your mind to that great plan which is carrying on by the Ruler of the universe, and while you consider every event as his ordinance, this thought, while it will not destroy the interest we take in what passes around us, will effectually repress all corroding anxiety, and soften all our transient disappointments. The works of God are not like the works of man; every thing which he hath taken in hand will be brought to sure issues; though *we* may not see it, *posterity* will. Every plan which God has formed for the virtue and happiness of his creatures, will be completed, for he doeth all his pleasure. To associate ourselves, therefore, to his schemes, is the only sure way not to be disappointed in our own wishes.

Consider, then, these things, and when by silent meditation and holy musing a fire is kindled within you, when your hearts are warmed, and your bosoms burn, then speak as well as think of the works of God. Break forth into praise, cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice as a trumpet, tell the wonders you have seen, tell what you have felt. Be living chronicles of his acts. Upon you is devolved the honorable task of pointing out to the world and to posterity the various passages in nature or in providence which have passed under your observation; let slip, therefore, no proper opportunity of making known to others that God who has been so richly manifested to you.

Finally, though you are to stand still and consider, you are not always to stand still. These seasons of contemplation are but the rests and pauses in an active life; in this view they invigorate and refresh our strength; but to stand still always would be to live to no purpose.—We are called to cooperate with God in his works, by a vigorous discharge of the various duties which lie before us. We are not to content ourselves with being driven carelessly down the stream of time—we must strive and labor to gain the wished-for harbor. Let us be up and doing. A new year is before us. If it please God to spare our lives to the end of it, we have a new scene of action before us. Let us take care to fill, to crowd it with wise and virtuous actions. We may wish ourselves, and wish each other, a happy new year, but this is the only way we can take to make it so. We cannot discover whether this year shall be passed in health and prosperity, or whether it shall be filled with tears and mourning. We do not know whether the arrow is not already gone forth to destroy our dearest comforts; but we can determine it shall be virtuous; this is left to our own option, not made dependent on seasons or changing fortune, and this is all. Have any of your past years been spent in the blank of indolence or the dissipations of folly? Now then another year is offered you, with which to redeem the waste. Let every year be a fairer copy of the last. The preceding pages of your lives have been free from those deep blots which leave an indelible stain on the mind; I well believe it: now then be still nicer in your care; clear your conduct, your temper, your heart, from those little specks and trivial errors which still disgrace them, that they may have neither spot nor blemish, nor any such thing. Then shall this, as I sincerely wish it may to all of you, be a good new year, and this portion of time be reflected on with pleasure when all time and the name of time is lost in the boundless ocean of a happy eternity.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH THE MONEY WASTED IN WAR. Give me, says Stebbins, the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the Globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of.—I will build a school house upon every hill side, and in every valley over the habitable earth. I will supply that school house with a competent teacher—I will build an academy in every town, and endow it—a college in every State, and fill it with able professors—I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace—I will support in its pulpit, an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another around the earth's broad circumference—and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend like an universal holocaust to Heaven.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS. In old times, when slavery was sanctioned in Massachusetts, a wealthy lady residing in Gloucester was in the habit of giving away the infants of her female slaves, a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an infant, which, in those days of comparative simplicity, she nourished with her own milk, and reared among her own children. This woman had an earnest desire for a brocade gown; and her husband not feeling able to purchase one, she sent her little nursling to Virginia and sold her, when she was about seven years old. [Mrs. Child's History of Woman.

THE LUMBERMEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

COMRADES! round our woodland quarters
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November
With their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the south-land heading,
Screams the gray wild-goose;
On the night-frost, sounds the treading
Of the stately moose.
Fast the streams with ice are closing,
Colder grows the sky,
Soon on lake and river frozen
Shall our log-piles lie.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March-flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or, where Steam, the slave shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it star-light, be it moonlight
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streaks the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost keen and early
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

When the chrystal Ambijeji's
Stretches broad and clear;
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer;
Where through lakes and wide morasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong Penobscot passes,
White with foamy falls.

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven
Torn and ploughed by slides!
Far below the Indian trapping
In the sunshine warm,
Far above the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And, than Eastern perfumes, sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn
From the pine tree's height
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night:

Make we here our camp of winter;
And through sleet and snow
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall grow;
Here, with mirth to lighten Duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman, with her smile of beauty,
And her gentle tone.

But, her hearth is brighter burning
For our work to day,
And her welcome at returning
Shall our loss repay;
Strike then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil,
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands
Bleak and cold of ours
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats,
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeam dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!—
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks with wondering eye.

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come—
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers
Bearing harvest home!—
Here her virgin-lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill—
Waving corn-fields, rise-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,
Give to us the cedarn valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part—
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy
Hold us to thy heart!

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow,
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth, Slave!

Brother looks on equal brother,
Manhood looks on men,—
Be thy future, oh our Mother,
As thy past hath been—
Heavenward, like thy mountain-guardians,
With their star-crowns decked,—
And thy watchword, like Katahdin's
Cloud-swept pine, "ERECT!"

[Democratic Review.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES. St. Matthew, the apostle and evangelist, is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or to have been slain with a sword at a city in Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, and escaped death; he afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus. St. Peter was crucified at Rome, his head downwards, at his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed Master. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or tower wing of the Temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Phillip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by command of a barbarous king. St Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people, until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.—St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

LIVE NOT FOR YOURSELVES. Live not merely for yourselves, but also for the good of others. Selfishness contracts the soul, and hardens the heart. The man absorbed in selfish pursuits, is incapable of the sweetest, noblest joys of which our nature is susceptible. The author of our being has ordained laws, according to which the most exquisite pleasure is connected, not with the direct pursuit of our own happiness, but with the exercise of benevolence. On this principle it is, that he who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the centre of all his affections, the sole object of all his exertions. On this principle it was, that our Savior said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Resolve, therefore, to lead lives of usefulness. Be indifferent to nothing which has any relation to the welfare of men. Be not afraid of diminishing your own happiness, by seeking that of others. Devise liberal things, and let not avarice shut up your hand from giving to him that needeth, and to promote the cause of piety and humanity.

READING ALOUD. To young ladies, the habit of reading aloud has much to recommend it. As merely exercise, it is highly beneficial on account of the strength and vigor which it confers on the chest and lungs; while the mental pleasure to be derived therefrom is one of the most delightful that can adorn the family circle. Gathered around the winter's fire, or evening lamp, what can be more cheerful to the aged and infirm, what more instructive to the younger branches, or more exemplary to the careless, than the reading aloud of some entertaining author, and who could do this with more grace or with more impressive effect than a youthful female!

REGISTER ALMANAC, FOR 1846.

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No. 201 Washington Street.

WE have received by the recent arrivals of the French packets at New York, and the British steamers at this port, a full assortment of new styles of desirable goods for our Fall sales. Our long experience, and acquaintance with articles in our line, and our facilities for obtaining our stock at the lowest rate, enables us to offer our customers every article at as low a price as they can be obtained at any other store.

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We have an extensive assortment at retail, consisting of a larger and richer stock of SILKS than we have ever before offered. It is impossible to describe all of the various styles in an advertisement, without making it very long. We have Rich Heavy Dark Colored Silks, for CLOAKS and PELISSES. Light and Dark styles in great variety, for STREET DRESSES. Rich Light Col'd do, for EVENING DRESSES.

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FRENCH PLAIDS,

An entire new article, the first that have been imported, a pretty and economical article for Fall and Winter Dresses.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

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We have every desirable color and shade of this well known article for Ladies' Cloaks and Dresses—the genuine heavy double twilled goods, warranted equal to any imported.

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Black and Blue Black Silks, Black and Blue Black Alepines, from the best manufacturers; Black and Blue Black Alpaccas, some extra fine quality; Black and Blue Black Mouseline de Laines, and every other article of

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Linen Sheetings and Shirtings; Damask Cloths, and Doyles by the yard; Napkins to match; Russia Diaper; Flannels; Cottons, and all other kinds of

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BOSTON BATHING PAN:
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PATENT PNEUMATIC SHOWER BATH!

Utensils which reduce the cost and trouble of bathing to a degree that enables all to enjoy the luxury and health ever attendant on those who practice daily ablution over the whole surface of the body. 1y my31

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